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The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

AUTHOR OF FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY, FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA, ETC.

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First Chapter

"THE wind is freshening; we gain upon her easily, I think, sir."

"Decidedly. This is our best point of sailing, and our best wind, too. We can't be going less than ten knots," said the Captain, looking critically over the bows at the water racing alongside.

"I can almost make out the name on her stern now," replied the other, staring hard ahead through the drift and spray.

"Have you a glass there, Mr. O'Neill?" asked the Captain.

"Yes, sir; here it is," answered that gentleman, handing him a long, old-fashioned, cumbrous brass telescope, which he at once focused on the ship they were chasing.

"Ah!" exclaimed the elder of the two speakers, a small, slender man, standing with the careless confidence of a veteran seaman, lightly poised on the topgallant forecastle, as he examined the chase through the glass which the taller and youn, er officer handed him; "I can read it quite plainly with this. The M-a-i-d—Maidstone; a trader, evidently, as I see no gunports nor anything that betokens an armament." He ran the tubes of the glass into each other and handed it back, remarking, "At this rate we shall have her in a short time."

"She is a fast one, though," replied the other; "it's no small task for anything afloat to show us her heels for so long a time. Let me see—it was six bells in the morning watch when we raised her, was it not, sir?"

"Yes, 'tis rather remarkable going for a merchant vessel, but we have the heels of her, and will get her soon unless she goes to the bottom on those reefs around the Land's End, yonder. It's a nasty place to be tearing through in that wild way," he added thoughtfully.

"Shall I give her a shot, sir, from the starboard bow-chaser?"

"Not just yet; it would be useless, as we are not quite within range, and she would pay no heed. Besides, we shall have her without it, and 'tis hardly worth while wasting a shot upon her at present."

This brief conversation took place forward on the forecastle of the American Continental ship Ranger, between her Captain, John Paul Jones, and her First Lieutenant, one Barry O'Neill, Marquis de Richemont, sometime an officer in the navy of His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France.

O'Neill was the son of a Marshal of France, an Irish gentleman of high birth and position, who had gone out as a mere lad with the young Stuart in the '45. His property had been confiscated, and he himself had been attainted and sentenced to death for high treason. Fortunately he had escaped to the Continent, and had entered the service of the King of France, where, through his extraordinary ability and courage, coupled with several brilliant opportunities he had made and improved, he had risen to exalted station and great wealth. He had always continued more or less of a conspirator in the cause of the Royal Stuarts, however, and his son, following in his footsteps, had been mixed up in every treasonable Jacobite enterprise which had been undertaken, and was under the same ban of the British throne as himself.

When Paul Jones, in the historic ship Ranger, came to France, O'Neill, moved by a spirit of adventure and his ever-present desire to strike a blow at King George, with several other French officers received permission to enter the American service temporarily. The Ranger was already some days out on her successful cruise when, early on a morning in April, in the year 1778, they had sighted a ship trying to beat around the Land's End. Sail had at once been made in chase, and the stranger was now almost within the reach of her American pursuers.

"It seems to me, sir," said O'Neill to the Captain, "that unless she goes about presently she won't weather that long reef over beyond her, where those breakers are."

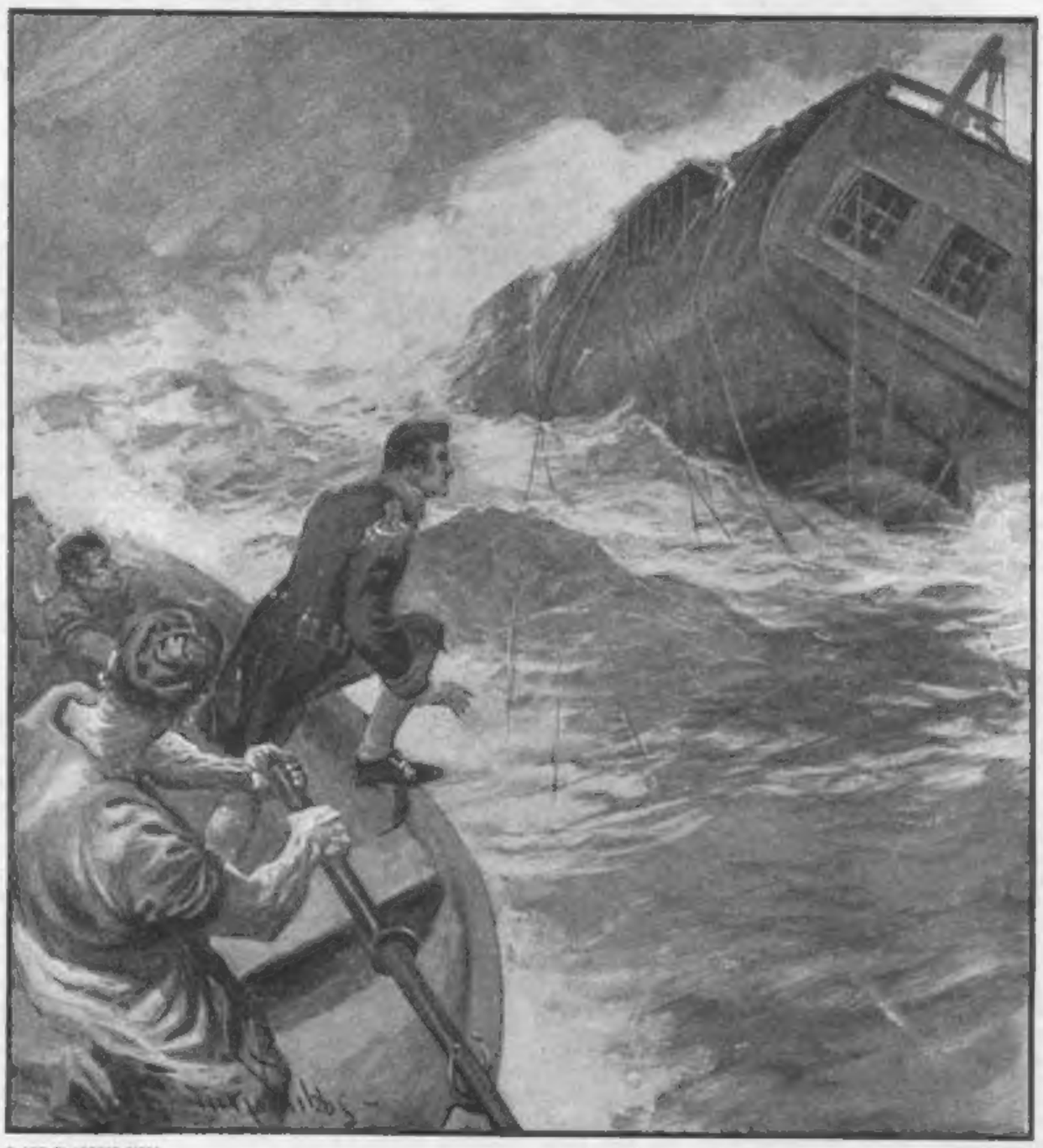
"Aye," answered Jones; "and if she goes about she's ours, and——" He paused significantly.

"If not, sir?"

"She's God's!" added the Captain solemnly.

The wind was blowing at a furious rate. The Ranger had a single reef in her topsails, with her topgallantsails set above them. The masts were straining and buckling like bound giants, and the ship quivered and trembled as she pitched and plunged in the heavy seas. The wind roaring through the iron-taut rigging and the wild spray dashing over the sides rendered conversation almost impossible. The motley crew of the Ranger were gathered forward, clustering on the rail and lower shrouds, keeping, of course, at a respectful distance from their Captain and his First Lieutenant and some of the other officers grouped near them.

"She must tack now," said Jones at last, "or she's lost! I know these waters; I have sailed them many times when I was a boy, and I doubt if they can weather that reef even—— By Heavens! There's a woman on board of her, too!" he exclaimed, as his keen eye detected the flutter of drapery and a dash of color among the little group of men on the deck of the Maidstone.



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

—AS THEY ROSE UPON THE CREST OF A WAVE HE SPRANG OUT INTO THE WATER

"See everything in readiness for quick work here, Gentlemen," continued the Captain, "to your stations all. Mr. O'Neill, remain with me." The men hastened to their places at once, and there was a moment's silence.

"You may give her a shot now, Mr. O'Neill," said Jones at last; "it may bring them to tacking and save them from wreck. Pitch it alongside of her; we don't want to hurt the woman, and it's not necessary to touch the ship."

"Clear away that starboard bow-chaser," called the Lieutenant, and the men, scarcely waiting for his word of command, cast loose the gun. "Aft, there, stand by to give her a touch of the helm!" he cried with raised voice.

"Aye, aye, sir," came the prompt reply.

"Price," continued O'Neill to the captain of the piece, "you need not hit her; just throw a shot alongside of her. Are you ready?"

"All ready, sir," answered the old seaman, carefully shifting his quid and squinting his eye along the gun.

"Luff!" shouted O'Neill. The Quartermaster put the wheel over a few spokes, and the Ranger shot up into the wind a little and hung quivering a moment with checked way.

"Give her a touch with the right-hand spike, lads," said old Price. "Steady; shove in that quoin a little; easy there; overhaul those tackles. All ready, sir."

"Now!" cried O'Neill.

A booming roar and a cloud of smoke broke out forward. The ball ricochetted along the water and sank just under the quarter of the chase.

"Let her go off again," called O'Neill to the Quartermaster; and a moment later, as the sails filled and she heeled once more to the wind: "Very well dyce; enough off," he cried.

"A very good shot, Master Price, and a glass of grog for you presently in reward," said Jones quietly. "Ah! we shall have some answer, at any rate."

At this moment a small red flag broke out from the gaff of the English vessel.

"Show your colors aft, there," cried the Captain, "though they can scarcely see them. He's a plucky one. What's he doing now? 'Fore Gad! he's got a gun over the quarter—a stern-chaser. Must have arms."

The Ranger was rushing through the water again at a rapidly increasing rate, almost burying her lee cathead in the foaming sea under the freshening breeze. She was now very near the Maidstone, which at this moment discharged the small stern-chaser which had been dragged astern. The bullet passed harmlessly through the bellying foresail above their heads.

"Give her another, Price," said O'Neill at a nod from Jones.

"Into her this time, sir?"

"Aye; anywhere you like."

The Ranger luffed again, losing a little distance as she did so, but weathering appreciably on the stranger, and this time the flying splinters from the stern of the chase showed that the missile had met its mark. There was a sudden scattering of the men upon her quarter, and most of them disappeared, but the young girl could be seen holding on to the weather spanker-vang and apparently looking defiantly at them. O'Neill took up the glass.

"Faith, sir, she looks as pretty as she is brave. See for yourself, sir," he added, as he handed the telescope to the Captain, who took a careful look through the glass.

"You have a good eye for the beautiful," he replied, smiling, "even at a long range. Secure the bow-chaser, sir; we are within musket range of her."

While this was being done, the Ranger had crept up on the stranger till her bow began to lap the weather quarter of the other vessel. As they held on recklessly together the speed of the chase diminished suddenly. Her helm was put down, and with sails swaying she swung up into the wind.

"We have her now," cried Jones, springing on the rail and leaning over forward. "Nay, it's too late. Missed

stays! By Heavens, she's in irons! She's doomed! Aft, there; steady with the helm! Give her a good full."

In the next instant, with a crash heard above the roar of the storm, the ill-fated Maidstone drove upon the reef, broadside on. The shock of meeting was tremendous; her masts were snapped short off, and the howling gale jerked them over the sides, where they thundered and beat upon the ship with tremendous force. The girl disappeared.

"Breakers ahead!" on the instant screamed out a half-dozen voices in the forecastle.

"Breakers on the starboard bow!" came the cry from all sides.

"Down with the helm—hard down!" shouted O'Neill with a sailor's ready instinct, and without waiting for the Captain. There was a moment of confusion on the deck.

"Steady with the helm; steady, sir!" cried Jones in his powerful voice. "Silence fore and aft the decks! Every man to his station. Keep her a good full, Quartermaster. Keep that helm as you have it. Look yonder, sir," he added, pointing to larboard to another danger. "Ready about; stations for stays! Aft with you, Mr. O'Neill, and see that the helm is shifted exactly as I direct. Make no mistakes. Lively, men, for your lives!"

The eager crew sprang to their stations. There was another moment or two of confusion, and as they settled down the silence was broken only by the wind and the waves. The water was seething and whirling under the forefoot of the Ranger. The reefs upon which the Maidstone had crashed were dangerously near. But the keen eye of the Captain had seen on the other side a slender needle of rock over which the waves broke in seething fury as it thrust itself menacingly out of the angry ocean. They were right among the reefs, and only the most complete knowledge and consummate seamanship could save them. It was there.

To tack ship now and come up in the wind would throw them on the rocky needle; to go off would bring them down upon the other reefs. Jones, entirely master of the situation, perfectly cool in appearance, though his eyes snapped and sparkled with fire, leaned out above the knightheads and keenly scanned the sea before him. There was just room for the Ranger to pass between the two reefs. A hair's breadth on either side would mean destruction. As the Captain watched the boiling water he seemed to detect through a slight change in the course a tremor in the hand on the wheel.

"Aft, there!" he shouted promptly; "what are you about? Steady with that helm. No higher—nothing off."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied O'Neill, standing watchfully at the con. "I will mind it myself."

The crash of the breakers as they writhed their white-crested heads around the ship's bows and on either side was distinctly audible to every one. They were right in them now—passing through them. The rocky needle on the port hand slipped by and drew astern. The wreck of the Maidstone was lost sight of in the flooding waves and driving spray of a rising gale. The ship was rushing through the seas at a terrific rate. The strain upon everything was tremendous; a broken spar, a parted rope meant a lost ship.

"Very well dyce," said the Captain, casting a glance aloft at the weather leach of the topsails shivering in the fierce wind, the quivering masts and groaning yardarms, the lee shrouds hanging slack, the lee braces and head bowline taut as strung wires, the tacks and sheets and the weather shrouds as rigid as iron bars, the new canvas like sheets of marble. The ship heeled over until the lee channels were almost awash, the spray coming in in bucketsful over the lee cathead. She was ready if ever she would be; their fate was at the touch. "Now!" shouted Jones in a voice of thunder, "down with the helm! Over with it. Hard over!"

The old experienced seamen put the wheel over spoke by spoke, slowly at first, then faster until they finally hauled it down hard and clung to it with all the strength of their mighty arms.

"Helm's a-lee, hard a-lee," cried O'Neill at this moment.

"Rise tacks and sheets," roared the Captain.

The ship shot up into the wind, straightened herself as its pressure was removed from the sails, lost headway, the jibs swinging and tugging in the gale as she began to swing to larboard away from the reef on the starboard side. She worked around slowly until the wind began to come in over the starboard bow.

"Haul taut!" shouted the watching Captain. "Mainsail haul!"

The great yards, with their vast expanse of slatting, roaring, threshing canvas, whirled rapidly around as the nimble crew ran aft with the sheets and braces. The Ranger fell off quickly and drifted down toward the needle, the after sails aback.

"Board that maintack, there! Man the head braces; jump men! Lively! Let go and haul!"

There was a frightful moment. Would she make it? She stopped—then gathered way again, slowly, then faster.

"Right the helm. Meet her—so. Steady! Get that main tack down, now; tail on to it, all of you; sway away! Get a pull on the lee braces, Mr. O'Neill, and haul the bowlines. Ah! That's well done!"

They were rushing through it again; the white water and the breakers were left behind. A sigh of relief broke from the reckless men, and even the iron Captain seemed satisfied with his achievement as he walked aft to the quarter-deck.

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

—"Good mister pirate, don't hang us, sir!"

"Get a good offing, Mr. O'Neill," said the Captain, "and then heave to. First send the hands aloft to take in the topgallantsails, and then you may get a boat ready. We must see if there are any poor creatures left on that ship yonder."

"Very good, sir," replied the Lieutenant, giving the necessary orders, when presently the ship, easier under the reduced canvas, was hove to in the beating sea.

"Shall I take the weather whaleboat, sir?"

"Yes," returned the Captain; "I think you would better try to board under her lee, if it be possible to do anything among that wreckage. I doubt if there be anybody left alive on her, but we can't afford to risk the possibility, especially in the case of that woman whom you found so beautiful," he added with a smile.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Lieutenant, blushing beneath his bronze in spite of himself as he directed the boatswain to call away the whaleboat. Manned by six stout oarsmen, with himself at the tiller, it was soon cast into the heaving sea. Meanwhile the Ranger filled away again and beat to and fro off the coast, taking care to preserve the necessary offing, or distance from shore.

Second Chapter

IT WAS a long, hard pull, and only the great skill of the officer prevented their capsizing before the whaleboat finally drew near the Maidstone. The ship had hit the reef hard at flood tide, and the waves had driven her farther on. Every mast and spar was gone, wrenched away by the storm and the waves. It was manifestly impossible to approach upon the weather side without staving the boat, so O'Neill cautiously rounded the stern of the wreck and briefly considered the situation.

He did not dare bring the boat near enough to enable him to leap upon the deck through some of the gaping openings in the sides made by the tremendous battering of the massive spars, and he finally concluded that the only practicable access to the Maidstone was by means of some of the gearing trailing over the side and writhing about in the water. Intrusting the tiller of the whaleboat to old Price, the veteran gunner, he directed that it be brought alongside as close as consistent with safety, and at exactly the right moment, as they rose upon the crest of a wave, he sprang out into the water and clutched desperately at a rope hanging over the side of the wreck.

The men swung the boat away from the ship instantly, and he found himself clinging to a small rope and wildly tossing about in the tumultuous sea. He was dashed to and fro, and the waves repeatedly broke over his head. The life was almost buffeted out of him, but he held on grimly. Fortunately the other end of the rope was fast inboard.

With careful skill, and husbanding his strength as much as possible, he pulled himself along the rope through the water until he drew near the side of the ship. Then, though the operation was hazardous in the extreme, he began to pull himself up hand over hand on the rope along the side. In his already exhausted state, and with the added weight of his wet, sodden clothing, the effort was almost beyond his strength.

He endeavored by thrusting with his foot to keep himself from being beaten against the side by the waves, but without success; for when he had almost reached the rail an unusually large breaker struck him fairly in the back and dashed his head against a piece of jagged timber, cutting a great gash in his forehead. Blood filled his eyes; his head swam; a sick, faint feeling filled his breast; he hesitated and nearly lost his grasp of the rope. The men in the tossing boat, a little distance away, held their breath in terrified apprehension. Summoning all his resolution to his aid, he made a last desperate effort, breasted the rail, and fell fainting upon the deck of the ship.

A few moments in the cold water which was flooding over it revived him somewhat, and he arose unsteadily to his feet and looked about him in bewilderment. The change from the tossing boat to the motionless rigidity of the vice-held wreck was startling. There was not a sign of life on the ship. She was breaking up fast; rails were stove in, boats were gone, three jagged stumps showed where the masts had been, and only the fact that she had been driven so high on the reefs prevented her from foundering at once. There was a dead body jammed under the starboard fife-rail forward, but no other sign of humanity. In front of him was a hatchway, giving entrance to a small cuddy, or cabin, the roof of which rose a few feet above the level of the deck.

As he stood there striving to compose himself, in a brief lull in the storm, he thought he heard a faint voice; it seemed to come from beneath him. He at once turned and with uncertain steps descended the hatchway. Reaching the deck below, he stood in the way a moment brushing the blood from his eyes. Gradually he made out the details of the cabin, dimly illuminated by a skylight above, and saw a woman on her knees praying. She had her face buried in her hands, and did not see him until he spoke to apprise her of his presence.

"Madam," he began thickly.

The woman raised her head with startled quickness and gave him one terrified glance. The glass had told him truly: she was beautiful, and young as well, scarcely more than a girl. Even the dim gray light could not hide these things. As for him—he was wet, hatless, his clothing torn, a great red wound in his forehead intensifying his pallor. He had a heavy pistol in his belt and a cutlass swinging at his side.

She stared at him in frightened silence and finally arose to her feet, and he saw that she was above the medium height. At the same moment from an obscure corner there rang out shriek after shriek, and another woman rushed forward, threw herself on the deck at his feet and fairly groveled before him.

"Oh, sir, for Heaven's sake, sir," she cried frantically, "good mister pirate, don't hang us, sir! We never hurt nobody. Oh, sir, take us away; we'll do anything; we——"

"Silence, you coward!" commanded the other imperiously. "Get up! Prayers are of no avail with such as——"

"Nor are they necessary, madam," replied O'Neill. "We are not pirates, and I am come to save you, and will do it. Will you please come on deck?"

"I would rather have gone down on the ship," answered the girl defiantly, evidently disbelieving him; "but you are here, and you are master. Give your orders, sir."

"Very well," said the Lieutenant, calmly accepting the situation; "you will go up on deck at once." The girl motioned him forward.

"After you, madam," he returned, bowing courteously, and she stepped haughtily up the companionway, followed next by her terrified maid, and lastly by O'Neill.

"Are there any others left alive on the ship, think you, madam?" he asked.

"No one," answered the girl. "Many were thrown overboard or killed when we struck on these rocks here, and the rest abandoned us—the cowards!"

"Do you wait here for a moment while I take a look forward to assure myself," said O'Neill, stepping rapidly across the raffle of rope about the decks and making a hasty inspection to make sure that no unfortunate was left. Having satisfied himself that they were alone, he returned to the quarter-deck where the two women stood. He looked at them in some perplexity. It would be a matter of great difficulty to get them in the boat, but he promptly determined upon his course of action—they would not like it, but that would be no matter.

Signing to the coxswain, old Price, the boat, which had been riding to a long rope from the ship, was skillfully brought alongside as near as was safe. One end of a long piece of loose gear was thrown over to the boat, where it was made fast. A bight of the rope, properly stoppered to

prevent undue constriction, was passed around the waist of the maid, at which all her terrors were resumed.

"Oh, for the love of Heaven, as you have a mother or wife, do not hang us here. If we must die, let us drown on the ship like good Christian people. Oh, please, good mister pirate——"

But O'Neill was in no mood to pay attention to such trifling, and fastening the bight around her waist, without more ado he lifted her upon the rail and bade her jump. She clung to him with the tenacity of despair, crying and shrieking in the most frantic manner, until finally her overwrought nerves gave way and she fainted. That was just what he wanted. Singing out to old Price to haul in on the line, and having taken a turn around a belaying pin with his end of it, he promptly threw the girl into the water. Of course she was dragged under at once, but in a moment she was lifted safely into the whaleboat, where she was shortly revived by the ducking she had received.

"Now, madam, you see you need fear nothing," said O'Neill peremptorily to the other woman; "I trust I shall not be compelled to throw you in, too?"

"Not at all, sir," she replied, trembling violently, but striving to preserve her self-control. "I presume you reserve me for a worse fate."

The young Lieutenant's face clouded at her suspicion.

"I—— No matter; I came to save you," he said, as he stepped toward her to assist her to make the leap.

"Please do not touch me," she answered. "I am no fainting fool. Give me the rope. What is it you wish me to do?"

"Pass it around your waist. Allow me. Now stand there, madam, and when I say the word, jump."

"Very well," she said, stepping upon the rail, where perforce he was compelled to hold her to keep her from falling.

"Now!" he said, as the boat rose toward them. Without a moment's hesitation she leaped into the air, and after a swift passage through the water she was hauled into the boat by the rough but kindly hands of the old sailor. Making the end of the rope fast around his own waist, O'Neill, watching his opportunity, sprang after; but he seemed fated to misfortune that day, for a bit of timber torn that moment from the wreck struck him in the head as he touched water, and it was a senseless man Price hauled into the boat. The old seaman laid his officer down in the stern-sheets, where the young girl was sitting with her maid crouching at her feet. Necessarily he lay in a constrained position; there was nothing to support his head but a boat stretcher.

She gazed upon his pallid face with its disfiguring wounds; he was a murderous pirate, no doubt, and deserved it all; still, he had saved her life, for the Maidstone was breaking up; he was so handsome, too, and he looked like a gentleman. She was a woman, well—she finally moved her position and lifted the head of the unconscious sailor to her knee. Taking a handkerchief from her neck, she dipped it in the salt water and bathed his head; and then she poured between his lips a few drops from the flask of rum that Price handed her after the old man had insisted that she take a draught of the fiery liquid herself.

Under these pleasant ministrations O'Neill opened his eyes for a moment, gazed up into her face with a smiling glance, and, closing his eyes immediately lest she should release him, lay quite still while the men pulled away toward the Ranger. And in that manner they reached her side. His heart was beating madly—that look had been enough. She was his prisoner—but her captor was captured!

Third Chapter

EAGER eyes on the ship had noted the every movement of the whaleboat as she drew near the Ranger. Old Price saw that a whip and a boatswain's chair had been rigged on the main-yard-arm to swing his passengers on board. The sight of the dangling rope awakened a fresh fit of apprehension on the part of the timorous maid, and it was with great difficulty that the amused seamen persuaded her that she was not to be hanged outright. Entirely unconvinced, but resigning herself to her fate, she finally sat down on the small board and was swung to the gangway.

Her mistress gently laid the head of the prostrate officer against one of the thwarts and, leaving the handkerchief as a rest for it, followed the maid. Then the old coxswain secured the Lieutenant to the chair, and when he had reached the deck, where he opened his eyes and recovered consciousness with incredible promptness, the boat was dropped astern, the falls hooked on, and she was smartly run up to her place at the davits and the Ranger filled away. O'Neill was assisted to his cabin, where his wounds were attended to by the surgeon.

When the young woman joined her maid on the deck she saw a curious scene. In front of her, hat in hand, bowing low, stood a small, dapper, swarthy, black-haired man, in the blue uniform of a naval officer. He had the face of a scholar and a student, with the bold, brilliant, black eyes of a fighter. Surrounding him were other officers and several young boys similarly dressed. Scattered about in various parts of the ship were a number of desperate-looking men in nondescript apparel. None of the navies of the world at that date, except in rare instances, uniformed its men. On either side of the deck black guns protruded through the ports, and here and there a marine in uniform of white and green paced a solitary watch.

"I bid you welcome to my ship, madam; so fair a face on a war-vessel is as grateful a sight as the sun after a squall," said the officer, bowing elaborately.

"Sir," began the young woman, trembling slightly, "I am a person of some consideration at home. My guardian will cheerfully pay you any ransom if you spare me. I am a woman and alone; I beg you, sir, to use me kindly," and she clasped her hands in beseeching entreaty.

At this signal the fears of the maid broke out afresh, and she plumped down on her knees and grasped the Captain around the legs, bawling vociferously.

"Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven, sir, don't make us walk the plank!"

The seamen near enough to hear and see grinned largely at this exhibition, and the Captain with a deep flush and a black frown on his face struggled to release himself.

"Silence, woman!" he cried fiercely at last. "Get up from your knees, or by Heaven I will have you thrown overboard; and you, madam, for what do you take me?"

"Are you not a—a pirate, sir?" she answered hesitatingly. "They told me on the ship that you——"

"No pirate am I," interrupted the man proudly, laying his hand on his sword; "I am an officer and, with these gentlemen, am in the service of the United States of America, the new Republic. This is the American Continental ship Ranger. You are as safe with us as you would be in your own parlor at home. Safer, in fact; there you would be surrounded by servants; here are men who would die to prevent harm coming to you. Is it not so, gentlemen?"

A deep chorus of "Aye, ayes" rang through the air. The Captain continued, with sudden heat:

"'Fore God, madam, I don't understand how you could insult me with an offer of money!"

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"Now!"

"Oh, sir," answered the girl, visibly relieved, "they told me that you were a pirate, and would murder us all. Are you not——"

"Captain John Paul Jones, at your service, madam," interrupted the officer, thrusting his hand in his bosom with another bow.

"Yes," said the young woman, "they said it would be you. Why, every newsletter in the land describes you as—as——"

"Pirate, madam. Say it. You have not hesitated to speak the word heretofore. A rebel—a traitor—a pirate," he returned, throwing up his head proudly; "'tis a penalty one pays for fighting for freedom; but you, at least, shall be able to speak unequivocally as to our character, for I pledge you my word you shall take no harm from us, though I doubt not my young gentlemen here will be raked fore and aft by the batteries of your bright eyes. Now will you vouchsafe me your name and some of your story, that I may know with whom I have to do?"

"My name is Howard, sir; Elizabeth Howard," replied the girl, brightening as her fears diminished. "I am the ward of Admiral Lord Westbrooke, the Governor of Scarborough Castle. I have no father nor mother."

"Another claim upon our consideration, ma'am."

"Sir, I thank you. I was going to visit friends in Liverpool when that unfortunate ship there was wrecked. Oh, what will become of me now!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears.

"Liverpool lies in our way, Mistress Howard, and 'twill give me great pleasure to land you upon some convenient point on the coast in a few days if the wind hold and no mischance arise. And now may I present my officers to you, since we are to be fellow-passengers all?"

Upon receiving the desired permission from the grateful girl, in whose pale cheek the color began to come again, the Captain, who was a great stickler for etiquette, brought forward the little group of officers and introduced them one by one. There was much bowing and curtsying on the quarter-deck, which even the seamen seemed to enjoy.

"This is all, I believe," said the Captain, having stopped with the smallest midshipman, who, in comical imitation of his elders, announced himself in his boyish treble as "Vastly honored, ma'am."

"The gentleman who brought me here?" questioned the girl, blushing faintly; "I trust he is not seriously injured?"

"Ah!" replied Jones, "my First Lieutenant, Mr. Barry O'Neill, a volunteer with us, and an officer in the service of His Most Christian Majesty, my friend, the King of France."

On the ship O'Neill had elected to sink his Marquisate.

"He is not much hurt, Mistress Howard; only battered about a bit and pulled down by the nervous shock and efforts he underwent," said the Doctor. "Why, here he is now! Did I not warn you, sir, to stay below?" continued the Doctor, shaking his finger as O'Neill, pale and languid, came slowly up the companionway.

"Oh, I am all right, Doctor," returned the Lieutenant rather weakly, but smiling with the audacity and gallantry of his race as he spied the girl. "The thought of the presence of this lady above him would lift a crusader from his tomb."

"Allow me to present you in due form to Mistress Howard, Mr. O'Neill," said the Captain severely, evidently desirous of observing the proprieties.

"Sir," said the young girl, looking gratefully at the Irishman out of her violet eyes, "I have to thank you for a most gallant rescue, made doubly hard by my perversity and foolish apprehension."

"'Twas a pleasure to serve you, madam; may I continue to enjoy it. We would sink another ship for such another chance," said the Irishman lightly.

"Now I propose to give up one of my cabins to Mistress Howard and her maid," said the Captain, "and I presume that she will need to rest, after the exciting incidents of the day, until supper is served. If you are able, Mr. O'Neill, I should like to have you join us there, with Mistress Howard's permission, of course, since the ship is hers." He smiled toward her, and when he smiled he was irresistible.

"I am honored, sir," replied the girl graciously. "And I thank you, Captain; I shall be delighted," she added, laying her hand in his own as he led her aft to the cabin door in the break of the poop. Before she entered she turned and made a graceful curtsy; her glance swept toward the young Lieutenant. From that moment O'Neill was no longer a captive—he was a slave.

"Gentlemen, good afternoon," she said, comprehending them in one brilliant look, and smiling again. It was enough; that glance had given O'Neill any number of rivals.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

An Appeal from a Soldier's Widow

ONE of the most touching letters ever received by Major-General Oliver O. Howard, U. S. A., retired, while he commanded the Department of the Atlantic with headquarters on Governor's Island, was from a woman whose son was in trouble. It read as follows:

> "*My Dear General:* I want to call your attention again to my son. I know you have been kind to him, but cannot you do more? He is my only boy. The other died while he was fighting with you during the war. I know he did not mean to do wrong when he deserted. He is such a good boy when he is sober. I did not know he had deserted until he was arrested, and I do not know what I am to do if he is kept in prison. Do what you can for him and a soldier's widow will remember you in her prayers."

Since his retirement from the regular service the General does not get so many of these letters, but it is said—and it is to his credit—that there never was such an appeal made that did not meet with a quick response. Though the General was a disciplinarian, he was one of the most merciful of officers.

Queen Anne Cottages
A Comedietta *in* ONE ACT
By M. E. M. Davis

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

REMEMBER, JOSEPH, THERE ARE NINE PARCELS

CHARACTERS:

MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON DILLINGHAM.
MISS ANNE WESTWORTHY.
MISS SUSAN MARSH.
SARAH.
MR. HENRY HARRINGTON.
MR. ROBERT BARTON.
MR. CHARLES MARSH.
JOSEPH.
YOUNG LADIES and GENTLEMEN.
SCENE: *At Pass Christian.*
TIME: *June; morning.*

SCENE I

A cottage on the Bay shore. A wide hall, front, furnished with rattan chairs, tables, etc.; a hat-rack on one side. Veranda in rear with vine-wreathed pillars. Bay in distance.

(*Enter from veranda,* ANNE *and* SUSAN. *They wear white duck dresses with sailor hats. White gloves. Each carries a small leather bag and an umbrella.*)

ANNE (*putting bag on a chair*): Well, this is too lovely!

SUSAN (*putting bag and umbrella on chair*): Isn't it! But (*laughing*) I would like to see your respected Aunt Polly Westworthy's face when she gets your note informing her that you have eloped—with me!

ANNE (*laughing*): Instead of staying for her dinner-party! So would I. Fancy the dear old match-maker giving a dinner-party in town, in July! For the purpose of presenting her impecunious niece to a new eligible! Poor Aunt Polly! (*Drawing off gloves.*) She has married me off so many times already—in her roseate dreams! And I have endured with Christian patience all the other eligibles she has raked and scraped for me. But when it comes to Mr. Henry Harrington I draw the line. I've never seen him, and I never will if I can help it. Conceited idiot!

SUSAN: I do not blame you, Anne, dear, for running away. But really, I do not think he can be so bad as that! Brother Charles traveled over Europe with him last year. *He* says he is a trump.

ANNE (*impatiently*): I beg your brother Charles' pardon, Susan, but I know Mr. Henry Harrington is *horrid*, though I hear that he is simply dying to meet *me*.

SUSAN (*drawing off gloves*): That, at least, is to his credit. Well, he will not have the pleasure to-night, at any rate.

ANNE: No, thank goodness! But I can tell you, Susan, I was at my wits' end yesterday when Aunt Polly's note came commanding me—you know her style—to dine with her to-night, in my best bib and tucker, at eight o'clock, in company with Mr. Henry Harrington, "a charming young man (*quoting and mincing*), just returned after a prolonged stay abroad." And mama, of course, begged me with tears in her eyes not to offend Aunt Polly by refusing. It made me ill—positively ill! (*Walks about, fuming.*) But do you believe in fate, Susan Marsh? (*Laying her hand impressively on* SUSAN'S *arm.*) I do, for in the afternoon's mail here comes dear Mrs. Hartley's letter from New York. She offers me her Queen Anne cottage at the Pass for a week, for a month, for the whole summer! I am to fill it with guests, if I like. I am to do exactly as I please within its wistaria-hung walls. She calls it "Wistaria Cottage."

SUSAN (*interrupting*): But that is not wistaria, Anne. (*Walks to veranda and inspects vine.*) It is honeysuckle.

ANNE: It doesn't matter *what* the old vine is!

ANNE (*continuing*): So I read Mrs. Hartley's letter. Then I fly around to see you. We arrange our plans. This morning I send a note of regrets to Madam Polly. We steal unnoticed to the train, and here we are—for a couple of days, at least. (*Tosses up gloves.*) Hurrah!

SUSAN: Hurrah for the Hartley-Harrington-Aunt-Polly combination! (*Blows imaginary kisses.*)

ANNE: Now—let—me—see. Mrs. Hartley wrote that I should find the room on the right of the hall in perfect order. Mrs. Hartley has the most exquisite taste.

SUSAN: I thought she said the room on the left.

ANNE: Perhaps she did. We will try them both. You explore the left, while I investigate the right. (*Goes into room on right;* SUSAN *into left.*)

ANNE (*coming out, calling*): This is it, Susan. It is not what one would call dainty, however. Looks massive and majestic. I never imagined Mrs. Hartley had such severe ideas. It proves how little we realize the inner feelings of our friends! But it is comfortable. Come and see.

(SUSAN *emerges from room on left. She carries her own hat in her hand, and has a tall, antiquated beaver perched on her head.*)

SUSAN: I suppose Mr. Hartley inhabits the apartment on the left when he is at home. *He* must have exquisite taste also, judging from his headgear!

(*Both girls laugh gayly.* SUSAN *puts the hat on a chair. They carry their bags into room on right, and immediately reappear minus hats.*)

ANNE: And now for breakfast. (*Touches bell on hall table.*) The walk from the station has made me ravenously hungry. Aren't you famished? Mrs. Hartley says in her letter—oh, here it is! (*Produces letter from pocket and reads*): "The old woman in charge—the caretaker—is stupid. But she is staid and respectable, and will serve at need both as a cook and a protector. Her name is Jane."

SUSAN: Here she comes. (*Enter* SARAH *from rear. Young and pert-looking in maid's dress.*)

SARAH: Good mornin'. I seen you comin' up from the *dee*-po, an' I says to myself

ANNE (*aside to* SUSAN): I would not call her staid.

SUSAN: Nor as old as Methuselah, nor as respectable as your Aunt Polly Westworthy!

ANNE (*to* SARAH): Well, Jane——

SARAH (*with curtsy*): Sarah, miss.

ANNE (*aside to* SUSAN): Mrs. Hartley certainly said her name was Jane!

SUSAN (*aside flippantly*): Perhaps she has been changed in the cradle!

ANNE (*aloud*): No matter, Sarah. Your mistress has loaned me her house——

SARAH: You don't *say so*! I took youse two for book-agents.

ANNE (*giving her some money*): We shall be here for a couple of days. And now, Jane——

SARAH: Sarah, miss.

ANNE: Sarah, you will give us some breakfast.

SARAH: I ain't the cook, miss, but she's not in, miss, and I'll do the best I kin for youse.

ANNE: And Sarah——

SARAH: Yes, miss.

ANNE: Lay the table here. (*Stepping near veranda to right.*) In the shadow of this wistaria vine.

SARAH: All right, miss. (*Exit.*)

SUSAN: All the same, it is honeysuckle. Well, never mind! Oh, Anne! (*Seizes* ANNE'S *arm excitedly.*)

ANNE: What is it, Susan? Oh, *what* is it?

SUSAN: I've just remembered. Brother Charles is coming over from Bay St. Louis this morning with a crabbing party! (*Looks at watch.*) They are due here in half an hour. Lets——

ANNE (*joyously*): Oh, yes! Come right along. Let's leave a note at the station for them so they will come right here. We'll go crabbing with them after breakfast. What fun! Hurry, Susan! Hurry! (*They dash into room right, and rush out putting on their hats. Exit from veranda.*)

SCENE II (*Same*)

(*Enter* HENRY HARRINGTON *and* ROBERT BARTON. *They wear white flannel suits. Each carries a large leather bag, an umbrella and a bundle of fishing-tackle.*)

HARRINGTON (*depositing bag, etc.*): Welcome, old boy, to Jessamine Lodge!

BARTON (*depositing impedimenta*): Thanks, awfully, old man. But where is your jessamine?

HAR. (*with a comprehensive sweep of his arms toward veranda*): Behold, blind and skeptical mortal, behold!

BAR. (*critically*): That? That is honeysuckle.

HAR.: No matter. (*Dramatically.*) It affords a secluded and secure retreat; a sure shelter from pursuing virgins; an impenetrable asylum from match-making aunts! I knew the city would be hot and dull at this season of the year, so I sent my agent here in advance to look up some quarters where I could camp and fish for the summer. He found Jessamine Lodge for sale completely furnished. I got his letter informing me of the purchase yesterday.

BAR.: I say, Hal, I thought from a word or two you let drop as we walked up that there was a woman in the case?

HAR. (*laughing*): There is. There was! At least, a woman tried to get into the case. A Miss Westworthy——

BAR.: What!

HAR.: Do you know her?

BAR.: No. Never saw her in my life. But I hear she's a stunner. Half the men in town are dangling after her.

HAR. (*shortly*): I'm not, and I do not intend to dangle after her. I have never seen her myself, and do not wish to (*hooking his arm confidentially in* BARTON'S *and walking forward*). Well, you know, Bob, I am unfortunate enough to have inherited a few hundred thousand dollars—— And—I say it modestly, Bob——

BAR.: Go on, old man; don't mind me!

HAR.: But there are fortune-hunters and match-makers abroad in the land! I do not mean to say that Miss Anne Westworthy——

BAR.: I should think not, confound your impudence! Do you know that she is a reigning belle?

HAR. (*continuing*): But her aunt, Mrs. Polly Westworthy, whom I know quite well, has a sharp and shrewd eye to the main chance. I had hardly dropped into a hotel, by Jove, when that wily old man-hunter was after me. Gets up a dinner-party for to-night and invites me to meet Miss Anne Westworthy. I did not wish to meet her, though I understand that she is most anxious to meet me. And so——

BAR.: You bolted.

HAR.: So I bolted. Well, Jessamine Lodge, as the agent had written me, was ready, even to one servant, a good, reliable old woman who answers to the name of—(*takes letter from breast pocket*)—answers to name of Martha. Room on left of hall, he says, is ready for occupancy. Let us have a handwash, Bob, and order breakfast.

(*They go into room on left, carrying bags, etc., and reappear.*)

HAR.: The previous owner seems to have been of a sombre turn of mind, eh, Bob? Did you ever see such a lugubrious-looking retreat? "Gay and cheerful appointments," the agent assured me.

(BARTON *sits down on the beaver hat. Jumps up.*)

BAR. (*holding out beaver*): Ha! Ha! The late owner's style in dress evidently corresponded with the funereal furniture! (*He touches bell on table.* *Enter* SARAH.)

HAR.: Martha——

SARAH (*with curtsy*): Sarah, sir.

HAR.: Eh? I thought he said Martha. Sarah, I have bought this house——

SARAH: Lor', sir, I took youse two for book-agents!

HAR. (*giving her money*): And you have been highly recommended to me. If you give satisfaction I shall be glad to retain you in my service.

SARAH (*coquettishly*): Lor', sir, I'll give satisfaction, sir.

HAR.: You will see that we have something to eat at once.

SARAH: I ain't the cook, sir, but I'll do the best I kin.

HAR.: And Sarah——

SARAH: Yes, sir.

HAR.: Place the table here. (*Indicating spot on left near veranda.*) In the shade of the jessamine vine.

SARAH: All right, sir. (*Exit.*)

BAR.: I'd swear that it is honeysuckle!

HAR.: Have your way, old fellow. Only, in that case, why *Jessamine* Lodge? (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III (*Same*)

(*Enter* SARAH, *carrying a small wicker table with dishes, etc. She puts it down in centre of hall.*)

SARAH (*hands on hips*): I never see such a mix-up! But 'tain't my business to dispoot orders, s'long 's I'm all right (*Slaps money in apron pocket.*) Now, where-*ever* am I goin' to put this here table? The young man have give me the most money. But the young lady looks the born missus. Well (*briskly*), I reckon I'll let 'em fight it out among 'em! (*Places table on left and exits. Enter* ANNE *and* SUSAN.)

ANNE: That was a happy thought of yours, Susan. I suppose by the time we have breakfasted they will be here. Why, dear me (*observing table*), I told Jane distinctly to put that table over there where we get the finest view of the Bay. (*Rings. Enter* SARAH.) Jane——

SARAH (*curtsy*): Sarah, miss.

ANNE: Sarah, you have put the table on the wrong side.

SARAH (*cheerfully*): To be sure, miss. I disremembered! (*Moves table and exits.*)

ANNE: Come, Susan, let us get off our hats.

(*They go in room on right. Enter* HARRINGTON *and* BARTON.)

HAR.: Hello! The table is in the wrong place. I distinctly told Martha to put it here (*indicating spot on left*), where we get the breeze. (*Rings. Enter* SARAH.)

HAR.: Martha——

SARAH (*curtsy*): Sarah, sir.

HAR.: Eh? Oh, Sarah. You will put the breakfast-table here. (*Shows place on left.*)

SARAH (*cheerfully*): To be sure! I disremembered! (*Moves table and exit.* HARRINGTON *and* BARTON *retire into room on left.*)

ANNE (*looking out of door on right with hand-mirror and brush in hand*): Is that you, Jane? Well, really, this is too much! (*Observing table.*) Jane! (*Rings violently. Enter* SARAH *carrying a saucepan.*)

ANNE: Jane!

SARAH: Sarah, miss.

ANNE: What possessed you to change that table again! Put it back at once!

SARAH (*sullenly putting saucepan on chair*): Yes, miss. (ANNE *reënters bedroom.*)

SARAH: Plague take 'em all. (*Grabs up table, strides to middle of stage and sets it down with a jerk. Enter*

simultaneously from rooms right and left, ANNE, SUSAN, HARRINGTON *and* BARTON. *Exclamations.*)

HAR. (*to* SARAH, *not seeing girls*): Martha!

SARAH: Sarah, sir.

HAR.: Oh, confound your name. Put that table where I ordered you to put it, will you?

SARAH (*frightened*): Y-yes, s-sir. I dis-re-rem-membered. (*Starts to left with table.*)

ANNE (*imperiously*): Jane!

SARAH (*trembling, mechanically with curtsy*): Sa-Sa-Sarah, miss!

ANNE: Sarah, put that table where I ordered you to put it! (HARRINGTON *is overcome at sight of girls.*)

SARAH (*hysterically*): Y-y-y-es, m-m-mum. I dis-re-m-membered. (*Starts to right with table.*)

HAR. (*aside to* BARTON): By Jove! Friends of the late owner, I suppose. Say, he had better taste than his furniture would indicate, eh? (*Aloud.*) Ladies, I beg pardon for my apparent rudeness. (*Bows. To* SARAH): Do as the young lady bids you.

ANNE (*recovering herself, aside to* SUSAN): Friends of Mrs. Hartley's, of course. (*Aloud to* SARAH): Never mind about the table, Jane. Leave it where it is.

SARAH (*sobbing*): Y-y-yes, miss, s-sir. (*Exit.*)

ANNE (*graciously*): We are about breakfasting. If you gentlemen——

HAR. (*eagerly*): Oh, certainly! Thanks, Miss——

ANNE: Thompson. My name is Thompson. And this is my friend, Miss—Miss Harris, Mr.——

HARRINGTON: Harris—er—ah. My name is Harris and this is my friend, Mr. Thompson, Miss—er—ah—Thompson. (*Aside to* BARTON): Gad, I haven't a spark of sense left. I couldn't think of any other names!

(ANNE *and* SUSAN *bow with great solemnity.*)

SUSAN (*gushingly*): What a charming coincidence! Quite like a story book, isn't it?

BAR. (*gravely*): It certainly is.

(*They all bring table to centre and front of stage.*)

ANNE (*ringing*): I must beg you to excuse shortcomings. We arrived only an hour ago from the city.

(*Enter* SARAH *with tray, coffee-pot, cups, etc. They all sit at table.* HARRINGTON *sits down unconsciously on beaver hat.* BARTON *on saucepan. Much confusion.*)

HAR. (*passing the bread*): Is this your first visit to Jessamine Lodge, Miss Thompson?

ANNE: To Wistaria Cottage, you mean, of course, Mr. Harris. Yes, my first visit. Do you take sugar, Mr. Thompson? (*Pours coffee.*)

VOICE (*on veranda without*): Bring in the bundles, Joseph. Remember, Joseph, there are nine parcels. The large valise, the small valise, two bandboxes, the shawl-strap, the rubber pillow, the lunch-basket, the parrot and the flower-pot, Joseph.

VOICE (*outside*): Yes, mum.

SARAH (*dropping the tray*): Lor' a massy! The shore-enough missus! Now youse'll catch it. An' me, too!

(*Enter* MRS. THOMAS JEFFERSON DILLINGHAM, *a severe-looking elderly lady in duster and exaggerated bonnet. She is followed by* JOSEPH, *a man-servant, who staggers under the bundles.*)

MRS. DILLINGHAM (*glaring around*): What is the meaning of this unseemly invasion of Honeysuckle Villa?

BAR. and SUSAN (*triumphantly, to nobody in particular*): Honeysuckle! I knew it! I said so!

MRS. D: Who are these disgraceful rioters, Sarah?

SARAH (*sniffling*): Lor', mum. *I* don't know.

MRS. D. (*as she suddenly catches sight of the mashed beaver hat, shrieks and seizes it*): What sacrilege! The sole remaining memento of my idolized Thomas Jefferson Dillingham! Thieves! Robbers! Leave my house instantly.

JOSEPH (*starting toward veranda*): Yes, mum.

VOICES (*without*): Cr-a-a-bs! Fe-esh! Sh-w-i-mp! Fre-sh fe-e-esh!

(*Enter bevy of young women and young men, all clad in white duck and white flannel, with fishing-poles, crabnets, etc., over their shoulders.*)

ONE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN: Oh, you darling, darling Anne! So *this* is your own-own-owny house. How nice of you to send for us! (*She snatches up the saucepan, another young man takes parrot cage, etc. All dance about crying, Cr-a-bs! Sh-w-imp! Fresh F-e-e-e-sh! Fe-e-sh!*)

MRS. D. (*furious*): Robbers! Thieves! Police!

HAR. (*who has been vainly trying to make himself heard*): Mrs. D. (*interrupting and suddenly good-humored*): Ah, I see! Never mind the police, Joseph. Young man (*to* HARRINGTON), if you have bought Jessamine Lodge, your property, a Queen Anne cottage, exactly corresponding in style to this, is just on the right. Wistaria Cottage, my dear young lady, which belongs to my friend, Mrs. Hartley, is the Queen Anne cottage of the same pattern on the left.

(*Enter* CHARLES MARSH, *running, a bucket on his arm.*)

CHARLES: Hurrah! Hurrah! I've got the bait, Miss Westworthy! (*Stops and stares at* HARRINGTON.) Why, hello, Harrington, where did you drop from? Glad to see you, old fellow! (*Shakes hands heartily.*)

HAR. (*aside*): I have dropped *up* into the seventh heaven. (*Aloud to* ANNE): "Anne?" "Miss Westworthy?" Then—then—you are *not* Thompson?

ANNE (*smiling*): And you, it seems, are *not* Harris? But how about Aunt Polly Westworthy's dinner-party?

HAR. (*coolly*): Oh, I heard you had come to the Pass, and I——

ANNE (*archly*): Escaped Aunt Polly, eh?

(*Enter* JOSEPH *with telegram.*)

JOSEPH: A telegram for Miss H. Anne Westworthy. (ANNE *tears it open and reads aloud*):

"My dinner-party will take place at the Live Oak Hotel at the Pass to-night at eight o'clock. Have notified Harrington. Signed, POLLY WESTWORTHY."

ANNE and HAR.: Oh, how delightful! How charming!

SUSAN (*to* ANNE): Do you believe in fate, Anne?"

(ANNE *and* SUSAN *converse apart with* MRS. D. *and crabbing party.*)

HAR. (*solemnly*): Bob, I have been a most confounded ass! She is ravishing! (*Looks at* ANNE.) And I will make her Queen Anne of *my* cottage or perish in the attempt.

ANNE (*aside to* SUSAN, *looking at* HARRINGTON): Aunt Polly certainly has fine judgment!

(BARTON *and* HARRINGTON *join them.*)

BAR. (*to* SUSAN, *confidingly*): My name is not Thompson. It is Barton.

SUSAN (*delighted*): Not *Bob* Barton? Really? Why, Bob, *how* you've grown! I'm Susan Marsh. By the way, I haven't seen you since——

BAR. (*joyously*): Since you were my baby sweetheart, Miss Susan! How awfully jolly!

(*They walk to extreme left of stage.* HARRINGTON *and* ANNE *are on extreme right.* MRS. D. *in centre. Others in groups.*)

HAR. (*to* MRS. D., *gallantly*): Madam, I trust you have already pardoned *our* intrusion. And now will you and all these ladies and gentlemen honor me by adjourning to Jessamine Lodge for breakfast?

ANNE: On no account! You will all breakfast with me at Wistaria Cottage.

MRS. D. (*majestically*): Stuff and nonsense. You will do nothing of the kind, young people. You will breakfast with *me*, right here in Honeysuckle Villa. Joseph, assist Sarah to prepare the morning meal.

(CURTAIN)

DRAWN BY GUSTAVE HENRIKS

A Cluster of CHRYSANTHEMUMS

By Richard Henry Stoddard

I

I CANNOT find his grave,
Though I seek it far and nigh;
But I seem to hear from the cedars
A voice like the wild dove's cry.

It may be the fitful wind
In the branches overhead,
Or the sigh of the last leaf falling
On the water I pour for the dead!

I pray, and yearn, and watch,
And something flutters by:
Is it a sign from his spirit,
Or only a butterfly?

II

The poor last flowers of the plum-tree
By my desolate eaves,
Perceiving, lamenting her absence,
Are closing their leaves!

They worship her; she was their goddess,
The soul whence they drew
The life of their freshness and fragrance—
Their sunshine and dew!

Earth never knew such another,
So fair and so sweet;
The flowers that she trod upon loved her,
And kissed her white feet!

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

THESE COMMITTEE-ROOMS ON THE HOUSE SIDE ARE DINGY-LOOKING PLACES

WASHINGTON, January, 1900.

THERE never was anything more true than that Congressmen and Congressmen's wives are "chosen of the people, for the people, and by the people." This has been borne in upon me by the Tuesday receptions which I am holding. I have never been so surprised in my life as by the people who have come to my house on these days. I am thankful, however, that even when the most impossible women in the most impossible clothes have filed in through my doors I have been able to keep the fact uppermost in my mind that these people are all more or less constituents, and that they may mean votes from husbands, fathers and brothers at home, and therefore must be treated with all graciousness and consideration.

I will confess that it was a sore test of courage and good-humor on my part last Tuesday when one awful woman claimed my attention just as I was welcoming Page's two swell diplomatic friends, who were making their first call upon me, and whom I am to dine shortly. This terrible little woman was of the sort who would be likely to hang over her own back fence to talk to a back-door neighbor. She pitched her voice so high that everybody could hear her, and her theme was her husband's brother's store out in Spruce City, and every tone was a nasal reminder that she and her husband's brother's vote were not to be slighted lest there should come a day of reckoning for Robert John Slocum. The grave, respectful way in which Mr. Morelos and Mr. de Courcelles listened to her horrible remarks was a lesson in good manners. I do not know how I bore it, but I know that I had a strained smile on my face, and that I finally got rid of her by asking her to have a cup of tea. I heard her say at the top of her lungs, as Page, followed by Mr. de Courcelles, led the way to the tea-table, that she never had any hankering for tea, but she would take a "stoo" if we had one.

MR. BEVERIDGE, THE BRILLIANT YOUNG SENATOR FROM INDIANA

This woman, awful as she was, was not the only visitor who caused me uneasiness. There was a beautiful unknown young woman who came sailing in. I do not know how it happened that her name was not announced. She came in with all the assurance and familiarity of an old friend. She was well bred, and was perfectly groomed and perfectly gowned in the very latest fashion. She talked of people whom I knew. She was posted in current political happenings. No one seemed to know her, though for some unknown reason everybody who came in or went out stared at her. She stood about, first in one room, then in another. She inspected everything, listened to every word that was spoken, and sampled everything on the tea-table, and after asking for the names of Page's two diplomatic friends she suddenly vanished. I asked the footman what name she gave him. "None, madam," he replied. I asked for her card, but she had left none. She had not asked for a "stoo," as the other horrible woman had, but she gave me a feeling of mysterious uneasiness which stayed by me throughout the rest of the day. However, I have had the proud satisfaction of knowing that there have been some very desirable people among my visitors on these Tuesdays. Various of the high officials, with their wives and daughters, have come, and some few of the old residents of the town have returned my visits with gracious promptness, and those of the débutantes whom I have entertained have brought their mamas to see me. As to men, there have been a score or more of them, all more or less young and nondescript, and wearing an air which some one has styled "pigeon-toed grandeur." This manner would be altogether laughable to me if it were not regarded so seriously by other people. One among these men, who perhaps is the most pronounced type of "pigeon-toed grandeur," goes by the euphonious name of "Pinky." Fancy it!

I have wondered down in the depths of my heart why so many of these young men have come flocking to my doors. At first I thought that it was Page who was the attraction, as she is so universally popular. Then for a brief moment I fancied that it might be my own mature charms, enhanced as they are by the best art of the modiste and the milliner; but now I am convinced that it is "Jules" who brings them to my house.

Jules is my chef, and for the sum of $3000 a year he has engaged to give us dinners, luncheons and breakfasts fit for the gods. It is true that I have had to eat more queer, outlandish things with unpronounceable names than I ever dreamed could be concocted; and Robert has growled openly at what he characterizes as "messes," but I am determined that Robert shall not make war upon Jules, for I should not like to have repeated the experience which a recent Administration had with their White House chef, who was found taking all his meals at Chamberlin's, and when asked why he did so said with a shrug:

"Monsieur, ze President he haf no taste for my art; he prefer ze corn beef an' ze cabbage, an' for me, I cannot eat ze corn beef an' ze cabbage, so——"

With this story in my ears, and with the similarity of accent and country of Jules, I am wondering if he might not have been one and the same man with the White House chef. But Jules stoutly denies ever having lived at the Executive Mansion. Anyway, it is evident that Jules' reputation as a cook and mine as a dinner-giver have gone forth, which is something of a triumph in this town of perpetual dinner-giving, where the menus may be simple or elaborate, long or short, but they must be perfect, one requisite of them being that at least one course of lion must be served with each dinner. This lion may be statesman, admiral, diplomat or scientist, but he must be tracked to his lair, dragged forth, and served up with the rest of the bill-of-fare.

The first time that Jules was to serve a formal meal to us was on the occasion of a luncheon to some of the débutantes, and I told him what I wanted. He said, in broken English:

"Ah, for ze demoiselles; then madame must haf it as airy as ze wings of ze butterfly."

That luncheon was a dream! Later, I asked him to serve again, at a dinner, some of those same dishes. He said gravely:

"It depends, madame, on ze age an' ze character of ze company."

I told him they were all to be officials.

"No wing of ze butterfly, madame, will do for ze high in position. We must haf ze saddle of ze Southdown an' ze terrapin. Ah, I haf it all." And he served a dinner that would have tempted an anchorite. It is his cooking, I am convinced, that brings these men here, and that has put me on the list of invitations to those carefully select Bachelors' Germans, to go to which is, to the aspirant for social recognition, as potent as a patent of nobility; and this reminds me that through the medium of Jules I am doing my first bit of lobbying.

Robert told me some days ago that he was anxious to get Senator P—— to vote for the confirmation of a certain postmaster out in our district, and for some reason Senator P—— is holding up the nomination on the plea of Senatorial courtesy. As soon as Robert explained the situation I told him that I thought I could help him.

In matters of diplomacy and *finesse* Robert is about as subtle as a sheep, but in this instance he did faintly surmise my purpose. He asked, "Ah, you'll begin on his women folks?"

Robert always will call the women of a family "women-folks."

"No, I won't," I said. "In the first place, I should not bother with women anyway, and in the second place, Senator P—— has left all the women of his family at home and is here *en garçon*. I have already met the Senator, and we will give him a dinner. Now, Robert, you will take me to the Senate to-morrow, and after sitting a while in the private gallery I will send my card in to the Senator with a message. He will come up to the gallery, and I can have a chance to arrange a dinner in an offhand way."

Sure enough, the next day Robert escorted me to the Senate gallery, but we had both forgotten that it was the day for the maiden effort of the brilliant young Senator from Indiana, who was to speak on the Philippine question, and of course there was a tremendous throng; but I was given a good position in the gallery, and I prepared to bide my time.

ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL HEATH, WHO IS SKILLED IN POLITICAL MOVES

OVER IN THE SENATE THE COMMITTEE-ROOMS ARE QUITE REGAL

It seemed to me that not a Senator was missing from his seat, barring the sensational Mr. Pettigrew, who had incontinently fled the Senate chamber as though knowing what was coming. Half the members of the House were scattered around like a fringe outside the railing. As soon as the President *pro tem.* recognized the Indianian he arose, with every eye on the floor and in the gallery focused upon him.

Mr. Beveridge has a thick mane of hair which he parts in the middle, and the face beneath the hair is quite all that it should be: pale, thin, intelligent, and the face of the orator. It was known before he began to speak that he would champion the Administration, but it was not known that he would prove so powerful and so convincing. He spoke with a passionate fervor and a dramatic force which held everybody captive. I became so absorbed and enthusiastic that I forgot what had brought me to the Senate, and sat in fascinated quiet, watching the uplifted hand which would sweep the crescent locks of hair out of his eyes as his strong words fell from his lips, and then I would glance at the uneasy shifting about of Mr. Hoar, who sat only a few paces away from the speaker, and who was becoming worked up to a high pitch of excitement under the torrent of eloquence.

When Mr. Beveridge had closed a powerful peroration and Mr. Hoar had risen to reply, he was so choked with indignation that he was almost inaudible. I was recalled to my own affairs by seeing that Senator P—— was glancing up at the gallery where I sat, and that very shortly he sauntered out of the Senate chamber. In less than five minutes he was leaning over the back of the gallery seat and was saying in his deep, resonant voice:

"What can I do to serve you, Mrs. Slocum?"

"First, Mr. Senator, what do you think of this speech of Mr. Beveridge's?"

"It was a rattling good speech, Mrs. Slocum. I'd no idea he had so much in him, and the Administration is to be congratulated on this new champion. You see, there is to be an organized attack on the Administration, and these young men like Beveridge can often carry more influence than we old ones, who have been so long in the business that the public is tired of us. The Administration likes and needs new blood, and no wonder, for the Cabinet is almost destitute of practical politicians. Long has had perhaps the most experience, but he has no real liking for politics. Gage knows absolutely nothing of the game, and is under fire himself. Smith knows only what any onlooker would. Wilson has a certain political shrewdness. Root is strong enough, but he's *all* lawyer. As for Hitchcock and Hay, they're good men, but—well, I think Beveridge will perhaps be added to the council that advises the President."

"Who compose this council? I never heard of it before."

I was much interested, and wanted to hear what Senator P—— thought of the situation.

"Oh, well, the President has, of course, many advisers in both the Senate and the House. He sends for any of us who can in any way help him, but there are two or three men from the departments who are simply invaluable to him. There is Heath, the Assistant Postmaster-General, who is skilled in political moves and in the manipulation of men. There is Dawes, the Comptroller of the Currency, who is wonderfully resourceful in suggesting ways and means of getting out of awkward situations and avoiding hurtful criticism; and Austin, of the Bureau of Statistics, who furnishes

Editor's Note—The series, of which this is the third paper, began in the Post of February 3. Each article is complete in itself.

the arguments that may be found in figures to vindicate the record of the Administration, and figures do not lie. These men all possess a thorough knowledge of how the machine ought to be run. But I did not mean to talk shop; I was in hopes there was something I could do for you?"

"Go on, Mr. Senator, and tell me what you think of the outlook."

"No, no, Mrs. Slocum; I am not going to say another word about politics. I want to be asked to do something for you."

"Well, there is something. I want you to promise to dine with us day after to-morrow."

He did not reply at once, but seemed to be listening to Mr. Hoar's retaliating words spoken in thin, high, excited tones which floated up from the floor below. At last he said:

"Mrs. Slocum, I rarely go to large dinners. I am rather out of my element. I——"

"Oh, but it is not to be a large dinner. I never have many people at one time. I have lately been reading Tacitus, and I was so struck with what he said of those wise old Romans who limited the guests at their banquets to the number of the Muses that I have adopted the idea myself."

Senator P—— looked down upon me from over the high back of the bench in a surprised way. This mention of Tacitus was only a bit of a pose on my part, but it served. He said slowly:

"You read Tacitus, do you? Then perhaps you can tell me who it was that said that society has only two classes—those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners? I'm afraid I belong to the former, but I will come to your dinner. You could not be persuaded to change the Muses to the Graces, could you, Mrs. Slocum?"

"Why not, Mr. Senator? The Graces it shall be!" I said gayly, though I was much tickled inwardly at the idea of dear, ponderous old Robert and this long-headed, gray-bearded Senator posing as Graces. The Senator said reflectively:

"Let me see; it is your chef who is so wonderful, I am told. I know of only one way in which to do justice to him, and that will be to follow the example of the gormand Pithylus, who always wrapped up his tongue when not using it so that he might keep his powers of taste intact."

We both laughed at this odd conceit, and I was beginning to find the Senator delightful. I had had no idea that he would be so responsive and approachable. I had heard that he was an uncompromising man of whom most people stood in awe, but I was entirely at my ease with him, and determined to be very tactful and adroit in the matter of getting his vote for our postmaster.

I did not remain long in the Senate after that, and Senator P—— escorted me all the way across the Capitol to the House side, where I was to meet Robert at his committee-room, and he talked brilliantly all the way thither. I was actually sorry to have him bow himself away, especially as I had to wait an unconscionable time.

These committee-rooms on the House side are dingy-looking places, with smoky old ceilings, dim frescoes and dilapidated desks, though they have regilded the mirrors lately, which is some improvement. Over in the Senate the committee-rooms are quite regal. They think nothing over there of spending several thousand dollars for soft-cushioned, luxurious chairs, rich rugs and silver inkstands.

It seems that the bulk of real legislative work is done in committee, and that there are more than sixty committees in the House alone. The work is very heavy and arduous in the important committees, though I am told that there are some committees that never have a bill or a resolution come before them; some of them never even organize. Robert has been assigned to the Committee on Military Affairs, and the Chairman has put him on the sub-committee on desertions, with the instruction that no leniency is to be tolerated.

When the committees are not in session the rooms become quite a rendezvous for members who want to discuss the political situation, or they are a refuge to the much-badgered member from the ever-persistent office-seeker, and as often as not they shelter a whist party, or a luncheon, so that along with the hard work there is a good deal of fun behind those closed doors.

I became tired of waiting outside this particular closed door, and as Robert did not appear I finally left the Capitol. I had a busy afternoon before me. What with visits and teas, and that night the first of the Bachelors' Germans was to occur, at which I was to chaperon Page, who was going to dance with Mr. de Courcelles. Mr. de Courcelles had invited himself to my house that afternoon, ostensibly to drink five-o'clock tea; in reality he hoped to lead me into talking about Page, for this poor young Frenchman is hopelessly in love and is frankly miserable. I foresee my part in this international love affair: mediator, go-between, friend and general adviser. The strange thing about it is that I already have a leaning toward this young sprig of a foreigner.

COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY DAWES, WHO IS WONDERFULLY RESOURCEFUL

MR. AUSTIN, OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS, WHO FURNISHES THE ARGUMENTS THAT MAY BE FOUND IN FIGURES

The Brunswick Diamond

By W. A. Fraser

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WHEN Viscount Mordaunt was murdered there was queer work over some family jewels. Circumstantial evidence, the trump card of Fate, had been played heavily against his nephew, but there was another, Jules Vaughn, mixed up in it. There was no direct evidence against him beyond that he was much with the Viscount, and was as plausible a gentleman as ever stole a gem or slit a throat. Also, friends of the nephew asserted that he had been with the Viscount the night of the murder, and knew all about it, even if he himself weren't guilty. My mission was to obtain his confidence and fasten the guilt on the right man.

I had an ambiguous photo of Vaughn, sufficiently indefinite to do duty for every third man in the Empire; but Jules had lost the first joint of the index finger of the right hand, and carried a scar in the palm of it which could not fail to identify him; that was something.

Presently Vaughn disappeared. That is why I went to Calcutta.

I may say that my registered address was John Mara, Scotland Yard. A detective's trade is to become acquainted with everybody and known to nobody. In Calcutta there was only one man who knew me. My cousin, William Mara, was City Editor of the Englishman; it was only six months since he had gone out to that appointment.

At the tiffin-table in my Calcutta hotel each day I sat next a pleasant gentleman named Rainsford. This little intimacy, which ripened somewhat during the few days I spent in Calcutta looking for traces of Vaughn, led to an invitation to spend an evening at his quarters to see a wonderful Hindu juggler who had come down from the North. Mr. Rainsford was the resident partner in the great jewelry firm of Hammond & Co. The firm occupied an immense isolated white building on the main street. Mr. Rainsford had for his quarters the whole upper flat of this building, the first floor being given over to the jewelry showrooms and the workshops.

I had read much of the power of these native jugglers, but that night the realization was something that I hesitate to write. If it were not that it had much bearing on the fate of the Brunswick Diamond I should pass it over. In the East there are things which cannot be explained, and until seen are open to disbelief.

A dozen guests had been invited by Rainsford to see the wonder-working of Ramatha, the Hindu Juggler. These wonders were performed in our host's large drawing-room, and I noticed that the juggler wore only a loin-cloth tightly bound across his hips. Ramatha was tall and gaunt, and intensely black. His teeth were even and brilliantly white; his features classically cut, and of delicate contour. It was said that he had been bred in the shadow of the great black temple at Pooree, though he had perfected his art with a hermit in the Himalayas.

After some minor tricks, Ramatha took a little earth from his basket, made a mound the size of a bowl on the hard floor, poured a little water on it from a brass lota, placed a cloth the size of a large silk handkerchief over it, and for the space of a minute made weird, soft music on a reed pipe. With a graceful sweep of his long, sinewy arm he flicked the cloth to one side, and the sprout of a mango leaf was disclosed peeping through the earth mound. A dozen times he repeated this, and at each removal of the cloth the mango tree had grown a few inches, until finally it was three feet high.

I remembered explanations of this trick in which hypnotism had played a part; but Ramatha plucked his tree by the roots and, coming among the guests, distributed leaves and bits of branches, and I knew that there was no hypnotism about that. What it was I do not know; simply that I remembered these wondrous things when the mystery of the loss of the Brunswick Diamond was given me to solve.

Next the Hindu brought forth a ball of twine and, having placed the loose end under his toe, threw the ball up against the ceiling.

There it remained. He clapped his hands twice, and through the purdah of Rainsford's bedroom a small, dark Hindu lad glided up to the juggler, went up the string hand-over-hand, and disappeared through the ceiling. I rubbed my eyes and waited. A second before I had seen him, and now he was gone.

Ramatha pretended to be dumbfounded also. "The rascal is hiding," he said; "he must be in the other room." He slipped into the bedroom, pretending to look for the boy. We sat silent, waiting. In a minute or two he came back—there was no boy. "The Destroyer has taken him," he said with dramatic sincerity.

That may have been hypnotism—I do not know; I tell only what I saw. There was no corporal evidence that the boy had been there. Ramatha did not offer us a finger or a toe to convince us, as he had distributed the leaves of the mango tree.

Rainsford declared that no boy had come with the juggler. While Ramatha rested a little, Rainsford sent for the *durwan* (doorkeeper) and questioned him. No boy had come in, neither had one gone out; there were eight of his *jat* (caste), four on the front door and four on the back, sitting and sleeping—always some of them on guard, and no boy had passed.

Then somebody asked for another trick—only they didn't seem to be quite like tricks—and Ramatha begged, in the profuse politeness of his Oriental speech, that the Sahibs might arrange themselves in a semicircle. He had something in his hand; Rainsford, whose business was of jewels, said it was a jadestone figure. I could see that the Thing had evil red eyes like a *karait's*. The host said they were ruby eyes.

Ramatha came down the circle, placing his hands upon the wrists of each guest. I felt the tips of his fingers scorch like the fire end of a cheroot.

Suddenly he stopped, with his hands on the wrists of one of the party. His black body quivered; with a quick motion he drew the man forward and placed his hand, palm downward, upon the white Penang matting which covered the floor.

Then he released the wrist and stepped back. There was a red print on the floor like a bear track.

Everybody crowded near in intense eagerness and looked at this extraordinary thing; it was blood.

I saw that the first joint of the index finger was not marked. I looked at the man whose face I had not observed before; I felt certain it was Vaughn.

That was the last thing Ramatha did.

Rainsford tried by bright chatter, and starting up a song at the piano, to dispel the eerie feeling that had settled down over the guests because of that thing on the floor; but everybody wanted to get away. I asked Rainsford carelessly who the gentleman was. He answered that his name was Burroughs; he had met him casually a few times in Calcutta and had taken a fancy to him. He was stopping at the Punjaub Club in Chowringhee; he would introduce me—so stupid of him not to have done so before; he was awfully sorry.

The next day Burroughs had disappeared; he had gone away from the club—to Bombay, they thought. But it is the simplest thing in the world to trace a white man in or out of Calcutta, and I discovered that he had gone to Rangoon. There was not another steamer for three days; therefore for three days of waiting and three more of passage to Rangoon I must defer the developing of that acquaintanceship so auspiciously begun. It was tantalizing; but now that I was on his track, and the scent was hot, it would be only a question of time and delicate manipulation until I had mastered his secret.

As had been my daily habit, I went to the office of my cousin, Editor Mara, to have a chat over old times. He was out, but would be in presently, a clerk assured me; so I took a seat in his editorial chair to wait. Taking off my hat, I picked up a pencil and was jotting down a few figures when I heard a step at the door. Looking up I saw Rainsford.

"By Jove! Mr. Mara," he exclaimed, "I'm deuced glad to see you."

I returned the compliment and asked him to be seated. I felt justified in this, because I was considerably at home in my cousin's office.

"You know," he said, drawing his chair close up to mine, "something serious has happened—something very serious, and I wanted to speak to you about it; in fact, I want your assistance in the matter. It's very fortunate we're acquainted, really."

I assented. He bent his head over, and said, speaking in a low, intense voice: "The Brunswick Diamond has been stolen."

"The Brunswick Diamond?" I repeated questioningly in my astonishment.

"Ah! I see you haven't heard about it yet. That's good. This jewel was stolen from my place last night, and I want you to keep this fact out of your paper. You're sure to hear about it."

I saw in an instant that he had blundered. Finding me there, he had mistaken me for Mara, the editor. Evidently he was not personally acquainted with my cousin. He was proceeding with his narrative, when I interrupted him. "Excuse me," I said; "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm not the editor. He will be here in a minute."

He stared at me in astonishment.

"You're not—what?"

"The editor," I answered. "His name is Mara also; he's a cousin of mine."

"I understand," he said. "It's my fault—you will not——"

"No," I said; "I'll say nothing about it if you wish."

At that moment the editor came in and I introduced Mr. Rainsford.

"You see," he said, "the Brunswick Diamond is a well-known stone. It was in the Empress Eugénie's collection. It is a peerless, rose-colored gem of the purest water. It is worth at least twenty thousand pounds, and was sent out to us on commission sale; if its loss becomes known, that fact will cause me great inconvenience, and perhaps prevent its recovery. Of course I had to make some inquiries, and was afraid the fact might get into your columns."

My cousin promised to suppress all reference to the theft. Rainsford was profuse in his thanks as he prepared to depart.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'll walk with you as far as your office. I should like to talk over this matter."

We went up to his rooms.

"Look here," I began, "I've an idea that Fate, who is always meddling in the affairs of men, placed me in that seat to-day to await your arrival."

He questioned me with his eyes.

"You were kind enough to intrust me with your secret."

"I really didn't mean to," he laughed.

"Well, I'll return the compliment. That will even up things, won't it?"

"Ye—s," he replied dubiously, politeness struggling with his apparent lack of interest in my proposed confidence.

"I'm a detective," I continued, speaking with abrupt sharpness.

"You're——"

"Yes—Scotland Yard."

He took out his handkerchief, mopped his forehead, and exclaimed: "By Jove! What luck! I shouldn't have thought it, though. Are you out here on business?"

"Yes," I answered. "I've come out to make the acquaintance of an interesting gentleman."

He smiled. "I know," he said, nodding his head; "wanted at home, eh? Do you find him?"

"No; my friend that is to be has gone to Rangoon for change of air. The next steamer does not leave for three days. If I can be of any assistance to you——"

"You certainly can," he interrupted eagerly. "But you leave in three days," he added regretfully. "That's too bad; but," and he brightened up, "I'm not sure but that you'll be going in the very direction. Let me explain.

"The thief will have great difficulty in disposing of the Brunswick Diamond. He will not attempt to sell it here. It is likely he will go to Delhi; that place throngs with native jewel merchants whose scruples are—well, Oriental. Or he may go to Mandalay. King Theebaw is a great buyer of gems, and his scruples—well, he has none. Do you see the point?"

"I understand. Whom do you think stole the diamond?" I queried.

"Ramatha," he answered without a moment's hesitation.

"The juggler?"

"Yes; nobody but he could have taken it. The reward for its recovery will be five thousand pounds."

"A goodly sum," I exclaimed; "I hope I may be able to claim it."

"So do I," he rejoined. "You leave for Rangoon in three days?" he asked.

I nodded my head. "In the meantime——"

"Yes; in the meantime what had we better do?" he demanded.

"Find Ramatha."

"That's it!" he ejaculated. "I'll give you my bearer to help; he knows every Hindu corner in Calcutta. I'm afraid Ramatha will have gone to Delhi, though," he added despondently.

To insure his complete confidence, I showed him my credentials from Scotland Yard. "Not necessary—not necessary," he demurred.

I asked him to describe the missing jewel.

"There's a model of it in the museum here," he said. "The Brunswick Diamond is twenty-two karats, but the great value lies in its unrivaled beauty of color and its exquisite facets. It is of the most delicate rose tint, and so evenly cut that it will cling to the underside of a sheet of glass by its flat surface. You can't make any mistake in the Brunswick Diamond," he added fondly; "it's peerless. I'll show you where it was taken from."

I followed him. We passed from the drawing-room into his sleeping apartment, through the door from which had come Ramatha's boy.

In one corner of the room was a strong steel safe, set with a combination lock. "I keep a few rare gems and some papers here close to my hand," he said; "the *budmash* took it out of that. What do you think of it—clever, eh?"

"Was the safe locked?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Did anybody know the combination?"

"No; not a soul."

"You think Ramatha——"

"Yes; one of his devil tricks; like the red hand, or the boy. He must be in league with Old Nick to have done those things—don't you think so?"

"That's the easiest solution," I affirmed. "But how do you account for his getting the diamond out of the safe?"

DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

THERE WAS A RED PRINT ON THE FLOOR LIKE A BEAR TRACK

"I don't account for it, any more than I attempt to account for the things we saw last night. We saw them, and now the diamond is gone; and that's all there is about it—only to get it back, of course, if we can."

I examined the room. Another door led from it to a hall. At the farther end of the hall was a stairway leading down to a cookhouse and servants' quarters.

"It's possible," I suggested, "for some one to come up this way to your room; probably Ramatha's boy did so."

"No, the back door is locked at night immediately after dinner. The *durwans* spread their *charpoys* (beds) across the outer passage, and sleep there. Besides, the safe was locked. Nobody but a man like the juggler, who can do supernatural things, could have opened it."

"Are you sure the stone was in the safe last night?" I asked.

"Yes; I showed it to the Maharaja of Darwaza, who was here late in the afternoon. I put it back in the safe and set the combination while he was still present."

"Did anybody else see it? Was anybody here with the Maharaja?"

"His secretary, of course, and—by the way, Burroughs and Tremayne, whom you met last night—they were here when Darwaza called."

"Could either of——"

"Impossible!" he interjected; "there was no chance, even if they had been so disposed. I set the combination, and nobody knows it."

I sat for a moment pondering over the problem, while Rainsford rolled a cigarette, lighted it at a fire ball on the centre table and puffed in nervous silence. Either Ramatha or the gentleman I was after, Vaughn, had taken the stone, I felt sure. Eliminating the essence of jugglery, it seemed more likely that Vaughn had stolen it. His English education had been somewhat along these lines. According to Rainsford, neither one knew the combination. Without this knowledge Vaughn could not open it. Judging from what I had seen of Ramatha there was no limit to his powers.

"It looks like Ramatha," I said at last.

"Yes, it does," assented Rainsford emphatically, driving the cigarette smoke out with a decisive whiff.

"At any rate," I said, "we must try and catch him with the jewel in his possession."

"That's the idea," he concurred. "I'll send the bearer, Tez Singh, along; you can trust him."

For two days I toiled hopelessly. There was no evidence that Ramatha had ever existed. The utter absence of information as to his whereabouts was in itself suspicious.

"They don't know," said Tez Singh; "also they will not tell. If the Sahib asks for Ramatha, and Ramatha is not here to answer, then also they think that perhaps Ramatha has offended the Sirdar, and of a surety they will not tell."

On the evening of the second day, as we were driving back in a gharry past the burning ghats north of the Hugli bridge, Tez Singh suddenly clutched me by the arm, and pointing to a carriage just ahead of us, exclaimed: "There is Ramatha! That gharry within is he, because I have seen his head, which was shortly looking at the outside."

His figurative statement caused me joy.

"Tell the driver to follow close," I ordered.

I kept my eye upon the oval tag on the back of the gharry Tez Singh had pointed out. No. 1117 was printed in black figures on its yellow surface. In and out among jute-laden bullock carts and black foot passengers that were numerous as flies we wound at a dog trot.

To the right over the Hugli bridge No. 1117 turned. We followed. Over the long, floating bridge, to the left on the other side, and up into the Howrah railway station jogged the watched gharry. Close behind our driver slashed and coaxed and swore at his knock-kneed ponies; and as No. 1117 emptied itself of Ramatha, and pulled out of the way, our gharry took its place at the steps. I saw the Hindu pass into the station.

"If he has taken the stone he will have it about his neck," said Tez Singh. "The gods who are good to the Sahibs, because they are the fathers of the poor, have so arranged it that Ramatha will have the star-lighted stone with him. He will have it about his neck, Sahib. He is going to Delhi of a surety."

"Remain here," I commanded.

It was certainly a glorious chance. Ramatha would have all his possessions with him.

He was squatted on his heels on the platform beside a small, brass-bound, camphor-wood box. I went in and spoke to the station master. "I want the use of a small room in which to search a native who is accused of stealing a valuable gem," I said.

"You may use my private office," he answered.

I reasoned that even if I arrested Ramatha and did not search him at once he would probably make away with the jewel. I lost no time over it. The station master placed one of the railway police at my services, and together we explained to Ramatha what was wanted.

He was indignant; but it was too serious a matter to allow routine scruples to stand in the way. He was escorted into the office, being watched carefully, and his box brought in also.

The policeman ordered him to strip standing in the centre of the bare floor. His thin muslin *copra* was carefully shaken out; his *pagri* taken off his head and examined; his long black hair let down; the box opened and minutely searched; but there was no Brunswick Diamond—nothing but his juggling paraphernalia and a change of muslin cloth.

I was beaten. If he had taken the diamond it had been sent on to Delhi by some one else; possibly the boy we had seen as in a dream that night had gone ahead with it.

Ramatha had been watching me with a curious expression in his wild black eyes.

"The diamond is not here, at any rate," I said angrily, for I was disappointed; "but I arrest you, Ramatha, on suspicion of having taken it."

I looked at him narrowly as I said this. His face fell. If he had sent the stone away, the possession of the juggler might lead to the finding of it.

He dressed. We placed the box on my gharry, the owner inside, and started back. We drove straight to Rainsford's quarters. I took Ramatha with me up to the rooms and explained matters to my friend.

"We must certainly hold him," the latter agreed.

"Sahibs," said my prisoner suddenly, "Ramatha did not take the jewel. The Sahib with the hand that had been dipped in blood took it."

We looked at each other, and there was a minute's intense stillness.

"What!" exclaimed Rainsford; "Burroughs Sahib stole the diamond, you say? Bosh! that's a game to hide your own guilt."

"No, Huzoor," answered Ramatha impressively; "the Sahib with the hand that was red stole the diamond."

Rainsford was about to speak again, but I stopped him. "Wait," I said. Then I spoke to the juggler. "How do you know this, Ramatha? Did you steal it together?"

"No, Huzoor; Ramatha knows the Sahib took it, even as he knew that there was blood on his hand."

"How can you prove that?" I asked. "Prove it, and help us get the stone back, and you shall have half the reward—half the five thousand pounds."

"By Jove! if that's so we must arrest Burroughs at once," exclaimed Rainsford.

"You can't do that," I answered; "he's gone to Rangoon."

Rainsford looked at me questioningly. "He's——"

I nodded. My friend understood.

"You see Ramatha may be right," I whispered, taking him to one side; "at any rate, it's worth trying, because I'll never let this one out of my sight until I get the jewel."

"Will you get it back for us then?" I asked Ramatha.

If the Sahibs will protect me from this evil Sahib afterward, I will," answered the Hindu

"Why did you not tell of it before, if you knew?" queried Rainsford

It is not good to make an enemy of a Sahib who has blood on his hands," answered Ramatha. That was why he had not spoken—he was afraid that Burroughs would kill him

Had we better wire to Rangoon and have Burroughs arrested?" asked Rainsford

"Huzoor," said Ramatha, "you will then properly not get the stone."

"How shall we recover it?" I asked

"The ways of my people are, that if there is one false witness, of a surety the other side will get two. Also, if a thing is stolen they will hire a *chor* (thief) to steal it back."

"We must steal it from him?"

He nodded

"Who will play the *chor*?" I questioned

"Ramatha, Huzoor."

"You are certain you can get it back?"

He salaamed gravely

"By Jove!" said Rainsford, "I like it

"So do I," I rejoined, "for it's in my territory, as it were Besides, if I wire now and arrest Burroughs the other—the pleasant friendship is off, you know

"I understand," said Rainsford. "Is it something about—the hand——"

I assented with a nod.

"Horrible!" he said. "And I entertained this man."

"You must remain with me all the time as evidence of good faith," I told the juggler. He agreed to this

The next day we took the Karagola to Rangoon. In three days we arrived

To my joy, Burroughs was still in Rangoon at Evershed's hotel. I also became a patient sufferer at that wondrously managed place. Ramatha took up his quarters with the servants and foregathered at the cookhouse

The cook-house in the East is like a telegraph receiving station. From each Sahib's estate runs a direct line of wireless telegraphy conveying all the news, and all the inner things of his life. Each Sahib has a private servant, therefore the telegraph is always in operation. The juggler would know all that Burroughs did, or thought, or said, even as though he were domiciled under his bed

Do not take a servant," he advised, "it is well that your affairs be not known

We had a distinct advantage over Burroughs evidently.

I asked Ramatha when he meant to try for the jewel. "Not now, Huzoor," he said; "have patience. When the Sahib moves he will carry the star kissed rose with him, then Ramatha will acquire it."

By the purest accident my place at the *table d'hôte* was next Burroughs; by the purest accident I spilled a glass of water over his plate; and by these chances we became acquainted. The first joint of his right index finger was missing, likewise in the centre of his palm was the scar beyond cavil That link was forged solid. Now if I could recover the diamond—for I felt convinced he must have it

How he had taken it Ramatha either did not know or would not tell. Of course if he had stolen it he had managed somehow to get hold of the combination and had seized an opportunity to open the safe

All this time I was watching Ramatha carefully—he might be playing a deep game. Of course he could not get away from me in Rangoon; that was impossible

Each day I made a little progress in Burroughs' friendship. I was prepared to spend three months over the English part of it, so I went very gently

On the fourth evening from our arrival the Hindu assured me that Burroughs was going to Mandalay by that night's train. "And to-night, Sahib," he added, "Ramatha will get the rose-stone as the Sahib sleeps; he will sleep a big sleep, Huzoor," he explained with emphasis

"You won't do anything serious, Ramatha?" I asked

He shook his head and showed his white, even teeth

"No Protector of the Poor, the Sahib will wake in the morning; but he'll sleep sound Also you must give Ramatha five rupees as *backshish* for the guard, so that we can have the compartment alone. The Sahib will travel second class with Ramatha. Is that good?"

I nodded

The train from Prome left at nine o'clock. The Hindu and I drove to the station in separate gharries. If possible, I wished Burroughs not to see me. I remained in my gharry while the juggler investigated. He also secured the tickets

Presently he came to me in the dusk and said in a low voice: "Come now quickly, Sahib; it is all arranged."

I followed him. He led the way to a second class compartment. The carriages were small, and divided in the centre into two compartments by washrooms. The door was at the end, opening on to a platform. A seat ran the length of the compartment on either side, forming a bed Above were two more which could be let down

We hastily passed in to our carriage, closed the door, and pulled down the blinds. Burroughs had not seen me

There was a single light in the ceiling of the carriage Ramatha pulled the green baize cover over the lamp, and our compartment became quite dim

"The Sahib is in there," said Ramatha, pointing in the direction of the carriage next ours It was a first class, and the door was immediately opposite across the two platforms

Presently the guard came, looked at our tickets, closed the door, and the train started. The five rupees had evidently worked; we were alone

"Sleep, Huzoor," said Ramatha; "I will wake Your Honor when it is time to see."

After a little I fell asleep. I was awakened by somebody tapping me gently on the arm. It was the Hindu. I rose, held my watch up by the bleary, smoking lamp in the car ceiling, and looked at the time—it was half past two. The train was swaying drunkenly as it rushed over the curved track. The whistle of the engine shrieked back a warning that we were coming to some village; the next minute the loose, silly clack of a switch told that we had passed it. Then my companion took something from the folds of his loin-cloth, rubbed it violently into the palms of his hands, nodded knowingly at me, and, as the compartment became filled with a drowsy odor, opened the door cautiously and passed out. I noticed that his black body was stripped except for the cloth bound tightly about his loins and hips I raised the blind of the corner window a little and watched, wondering how he would get in the door; Burroughs would surely have locked it

The Hindu passed over to the other platform and down the steps; my eyes followed him. I noticed that a footboard ran along the side of the carriage. He stood on this, and I could see that he was working at the window. I examined the one I was looking through; it was a drop window. By lifting it a trifle it could be lowered

For fully five minutes he stood there; then he came back up the steps, crossed over the platform like a black shadow, and down the other side. Either the window had been impossible or Burroughs was sleeping on the other seat

I could just see a part of Ramatha's body as he stood on the footboard. Once he drew back quickly and crouched on the end of the platform. Had he failed? Had he wakened Burroughs? I was trembling with excitement. The diamond was surely at stake—if he alarmed Burroughs we would never get another chance, I felt sure

It seemed an age that he crouched there, but it was really only a few minutes. Then he went down on the footboard again; the train swayed and rocked; the carriages jostled and bumped, and the shrill screech of the engine came back every few minutes like a devil-call

Presently I rubbed my eyes. I could not see the Hindu, my breath had made a moisture on the glass. I rubbed it off and looked. Ramatha had disappeared. Had he fallen off? I waited, with my eyes riveted on the footboard. We might soon run into some station and the whole thing be upset

Presently a black leg outlined itself against the faintly moon lighted sky; then more of Ramatha's anatomy crossed my line of sight and silently, swiftly came up the steps, across the platform, and into my compartment

I looked at him. "There, Sahib," he said in a low voice, there is the rose-stone," and placed it in my hand

I pulled the green cloth a little to one side, so that the light fell upon the jewel. It glinted and sparkled in the palm of my hand, shooting back rays of warm wine-light There could be no doubt about it; it was the missing gem

As Ramatha moved his hands there was a heavy odor which made me drowsy. "The Sahib is sleeping," he said, nodding his head backward toward the other coach as he passed into the washroom to cleanse the drug from his hands. "He had the stone in a little box hung about his neck. There was another Sahib, and Ramatha had to put them both to sleep."

"That's rich," I thought "Burroughs will have time his companion, and perhaps there'll be a fine shindy."

I determined to go back to Rangoon from Prome, to dispatch the jewel by parcel post to Calcutta. It was a tremendous risk to have it in one's possession for even a day I persuaded Ramatha to go on to Mandalay to keep in touch with Burroughs for me until I could take up the broken off thread of the other matter

At Prome I remained in the compartment until Burroughs went to the river steamer for Mandalay. That night I returned to Rangoon, and the next day sent the diamond to Calcutta, with a letter to Rainsford, asking that Ramatha's part of the reward be remitted to Rangoon. This was the juggler's request

Then I made my way to Mandalay

The retrospect was pleasant. I had marked down my man, and would never leave him till I had fathomed his secret Incidentally, by the rarest good fortune, I had recovered a valuable jewel, and there was as good as to my credit over this a matter of two thousand five hundred pounds. I liked India. Thinking about these things, I landed in Mandalay

A Portuguese half-caste, Gomez, kept a house that, unfearful of the wrath of the gods, he was pleased to call a hotel The hopeless desolation of the place chilled my soul. I expected to find Burroughs here

I asked casually, as though it were not much moment, if a Mr. Burroughs had come to the hotel

"The Sahib was here yesterday," said Gomez, "but they have buried him that side

"Buried him!" I exclaimed

The fat Portuguese bobbed his head solemnly, and tried to look unutterably sad His verbose recital, condensed, read Burroughs had been brought in wounded to death the night before. It was something about a diamond, according to Gomez, as big as his fist. A Hindu juggler, or *dacoits*, or somebody, had driven a knife through the gentleman. The diamond had, or had not, been sold at the palace—Gomez was equally positive on both points

Nobody else would give any information. Theebaw's men slit the throats of people who talked too much, therefore much silence was in the market. Ramatha had disappeared completely; perhaps he also had been slain

But Burroughs before he died had got in a *vakil* (lawyer) and written a confession that he had killed the Viscount. It was witnessed by Gomez, and was in proper shape

Of course I didn't believe the diamond story at all, for I had sent the jewel off to Calcutta, but Burroughs and Ramatha might have fought over the stealing of it if Burroughs knew

I got the confession from the *vakil* and returned to Rangoon

here was a letter for me from Rainsford This is what it said

"I regret to say that evidently you have been deceived. The thing you have sent is not the Brunswick Diamond at all it is a rather poor paste imitation

"I read your letter of its recovery, and either Ramatha himself was the original thief, and having the paste copy for emergencies, pretended to steal it from Burroughs, or Burroughs, being the thief, had the paste duplicate in his possession to guard against the original being stolen Ramatha found that. Or, another possibility Burroughs may have been the thief, and had original only in his possession; Ramatha got this duplicate made, and when he stole the real stone from Burroughs passed the false one over to you, and retained the true gem

"You had better look into this at once, for one of these two men has the real gem."

This was a crushing blow. Look into it! Burroughs was dead; Ramatha had disappeared—possibly dead also; and, according to report, the jewel was in Theebaw's possession. It was hopeless

I wrote Rainsford to that effect, and sailed straight back to England from Rangoon with the papers which made my other undertaking completely successful

To this day it is not known who stole the Brunswick Diamond, neither has it been recovered

"YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING SERIOUS, RAMATHA?" I ASKED

MEN & WOMEN

A Medical Lesson for Doctor Mitchell

A well known physician of Philadelphia recently told the following story: "Some eighteen or twenty years ago, when I first began the practice of medicine, I had an experience which I am not likely to forget. I was at that time on hospital duty at the Blank Hospital in Philadelphia. I had but recently graduated from a medical college and felt that what I did not know about medicine was really not worth the bother of looking up. One day a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman came to visit the hospital, and to me fell the task of showing him through the wards. At that time I felt especially gratified that he was a quiet man, because it gave me an opportunity to impress on him my own importance and the vastness of my own knowledge. I took him from cot to cot and from ward to ward, explaining as I went, and he apparently drank in everything I said. Finally we [illegible] a private room occupied by a paralytic patient. The unfortunate man had already been a victim of two strokes, and at that time it was believed that the third stroke of paralysis was inevitably fatal. Paralysis was my special hobby. I had a case of it before me, and a man willing to listen. The result was that I held forth for about fifteen minutes on the causes and effects of paralysis, the dire fatality of the third stroke, and so on, overwhelming my visitor with technical names, with involved and elaborate descriptions, and impressing upon him the profoundness of my learning.

"Shortly afterward he left the hospital, and at supper that night the resident physician asked me if I had enjoyed the visit of the distinguished guest. Not knowing whom he meant, I asked, and he replied, 'Why, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the gentleman whom you took through the wards this afternoon.'

"When I heard that all my appetite vanished, and I have never seen the name of Doctor Mitchell without wondering if he ever remembers the callow, pedantic youth who tried to enlighten him on the subject of paralysis."

Mrs. Semple's Old Age

From the peace and quiet of the Louise Home in Washington, Mrs. Semple, the daughter of President John Tyler, is passing the closing days of an eventful life. For many years past Mrs. Semple has lived in the National Capital, and since the completion of the Louise Home has been an inmate of that institution. Though Mrs. Semple's mind retains its vigor, her eyesight has been dimmed by age.

Among the most interesting of Mrs. Semple's recollections are those connected with Daniel Webster, Secretary of State in her father's Cabinet. She knew the great Senator intimately, and describes with great vivacity his appearance in the White House on the occasion of her sister's wedding. He wore his customary blue coat with brass buttons, and gray trousers, and, although neither the best dressed nor the most striking man present in appearance, he was easily the centre of attention. He was not easily moved to talk, but after a few glasses of wine, when inspired by sympathetic listeners, he became an entertainer of magical brilliancy and eloquence.

Within view of the Louise Home stands the Webster monument, which, owing to her blindness, Mrs. Semple has never seen.

A Mutual Desire

The only marital difficulty that Victor Herbert, the composer and director, and Mrs. Herbert ever had occurred, according to Mrs. Herbert, during their honeymoon, while crossing the Atlantic. It was brought about by seasickness. The composer was sick, and Mrs. Herbert was also ill. Their illness took the form of intense irritability and morbid sensitiveness. Each movement of the ship produced a groan from them, and each noise on board the vessel an indignant protest. They tried to sympathize with each other, but their voices lacked sincerity.

At the end of the third day the composer, after recovering from a lurch of the vessel, said:

"Dear, I have one favor to ask. Don't speak to me again on board this ship until we reach shore, or I shall throw myself overboard."

"My dear," answered Mrs. Herbert, with her first sigh of relief since embarking, "thank you; I've been wanting to ask you that same favor myself all day."

Why the Referee was Biased

Two travelers in a parlor car between Boston and New York were discussing a magazine article by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge relating to the Revolutionary War. One of the men had the current number of the magazine and had run across a statement concerning the British occupation of Boston that did not agree with his previous information on the subject, and seemed contrary to the popular idea of the situation.

He explained the discrepancy to his companion and concluded with the remark: "These modern historians are turning things topsyturvy. I wonder where they get hold of all their 'latest information'?"

The person addressed took the magazine and read carefully the offending paragraph, and then returned the book saying: "Well, I'm sure you've got me. According to my remembrance of the matter as told in school histories years ago, your point is well taken."

A gentleman near by was reading the same magazine, and evidently Senator Lodge's article. To him the first traveler appealed for confirmation on the disputed point.

"Well," said the stranger, "I am inclined to side with the author." Then seeing the look of disappointment on the face of his questioner he added: "But perhaps I am a little biased in my opinion."

It happened that a member of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts was in the car and overheard the conversation. At the first opportunity he asked the first traveler: "Do you know why the gentleman is biased on that question?"

"No."

"He wrote the article. That is Senator Lodge."

Artemus Ward's First Lecture

"I told a story several years ago in my house, when I was living in Philadelphia," said Robert C. Ogden, the famous New York merchant, the other day, "about a traveler on a New England railroad. When I ended it I added, 'So Artemus Ward once said.'

"'Yes,' spoke up John Sears, a Philadelphia journalist of wide fame and broad attainments. 'Yes,' he repeated, 'that is just what Artemus Ward did say.'

"'How do you know?' I asked. 'Now I know Mr. Sears for many years and I [illegible] 'Tell us all about it.'

"'I heard him say it. I was there,' said Mr. Sears. 'In 1859 or 1860 Brown, who had made a great reputation by his humorous work in the West and in New York under the name of Artemus Ward, worked for one of the metropolitan papers. I was employed by another one and we had two friends who were working in other offices. We used to dine together every night. We advised Ward to become a lecturer. We told him that he could make much more money lecturing than writing. But Ward demurred. He was afraid to venture it. One day, however, he went to a lecture bureau and gave his name. He chose for the title of his lecture The Children in the Wood. That night he told us all about it. Within a few days he received an offer to lecture for the benefit of the Mechanics' Library, in Brooklyn, and he told us of that, too.

"'I'm afraid I shall fail utterly,' he said. 'I know I can't face an audience.'

"'But you'll have your manuscript,' some one said.

"'I know it,' he replied, 'but I'll be too flustered to manage even that.'

"'In that case,' I said, 'you can tell stories. Just as you tell them to us, and that will carry you through all right.'

"The night of the lecture we three men went with Ward to Brooklyn and it was just as he had feared. He forgot his lines, and he was so frightened that he even forgot his manuscript. He faced his audience with a blank look of despair that most of the people took to be assumed. But I knew it was real. Then he started off with a story that had no more to do with The Children in the Wood than with the tariff question, and when he ended it he observed, 'That is what I should have told you if I were not lecturing upon The Children in the Wood.' From that he went on in his own inimitable fashion, story following story, until he had his audience convulsed with laughter, and the lecture was a brilliant success. That was Artemus Ward's first appearance on the platform. 'Now, Mr. Ogden,' asked Mr. Sears, 'what do you know about it?'

"'I arranged that lecture,' I replied. 'That is all. I was living in Brooklyn and was interested in the library. We wanted a lecture. I went to the bureau and, seeing the name of Artemus Ward, I engaged him.'"

Russell Sage's Lucky Suit of Clothes

"Whenever I buy anything," said Mr. Sage in telling the story, "I make it a rule to talk with the salesman. I am a member of a great many different boards of directors in a great many lines of investment and I often find this information of great service. Some time ago I went into a large clothing store to buy a suit of clothes at a low price that I had seen advertised. I bought the clothes for fourteen dollars, I think, and in talking with the clerk I found the lot had been sent to his store from a big manufacturing concern to be sold on commission. I got them for less than cost. Now, I have kept a general store and understand that business, and there is no money in that sort of thing.

"A few weeks afterward this manufacturing concern applied to one of the banks I am connected with for a large loan. Their credit was apparently all right, but on the strength of what I had learned I held up that loan and a short time later the concern failed."

Beginning the McKinley Boom

During the sessions of Congress Senator Mark Hanna lives, of course, in Washington. Between sessions he lives in his palatial home, Lakeside, in East Cleveland, Ohio. It was there that the McKinley boom was started.

Here is a bit of hitherto unwritten history: It is told that a year and a half before the nomination Mr. Hanna met in Cleveland twenty or more of the most influential men in the Union. In his house these gentlemen decided to work for

OF THE HOUR

the nomination of the present President. This done, Mr Hanna, it is said, sent out 17,000 personal letters to a like number of politicians in various parts of the country. This was a labor of months, but when it was finished the foundations for the overwhelming triumph of Mr. McKinley at St Louis were substantially laid A large number of the delegates were secured before the public knew it

A Texas Ranger as a Reporter

N. A. Jennings, author of The Texas Ranger, was for many years a newspaper reporter in New York, and he showed quite as much courage in this pursuit as he did in fighting the outlaws of the Mexican border. Once, while he was employed by the Evening Sun, he was assigned Congressman Amos J. Cummings, then the editor of that paper, to report a great public function in New York at which President Cleveland and his Cabinet were to review the National Guard from Madison Square

"You needn't bother about the details," said Mr Cummings; "give us a good introduction and have a confidential chat with the President. It ought to make good reading

Now, of all assignments in New York for an ordinary reporter, next to interviewing Bishop Potter, getting a confidential talk with Mr. Cleveland is the hardest to "cover." But Jennings was not an ordinary reporter. He hurried at once to the Madison Square reviewing stand where the doorkeeper and ushers were preparing to begin work As luck had it, Jennings wore a silk hat and a frock coat that day. He brushed by the doorkeeper, and spying the head usher at the top of the stairs, he called to him authoritatively

Say, there! Everything ready?"

The doorkeeper's protest died unspoken, and the usher, who mistook the reporter for one of the twoscore of meddling committeemen, politely said everything was all right. Then Jennings stepped inside the Presidential box, whence he issued orders at intervals to allay suspicion, and waited for the party to come. Meanwhile some real committeemen arrived and Jennings was soon their bosom friend, or at least they thought he was. One envious reporter from the press seats loudly denounced Jennings as an Evening Sun man, and was ordered by the head usher to "make less noise or chase himself around the Square

Jennings sat right behind Mr. Cleveland during the parade, and when the President stepped into his carriage with Secretary Whitney and a distinguished Southern Senator Mr Jennings took the vacant seat on behalf of the committee and the horses started before a change could be made. During the long, slow ride downtown Jennings talked with the statesmen and the statesmen talked with Jennings until the post-office was reached. It was then only an hour before press time and he had to go. Making some excuse, he had the carriage stopped, and after some polite regrets on both sides he raised his hat. Just as he was turning away Mr Whitney, who knew reporters of old, especially the metropolitan breed, beckoned to Jennings. The reporter went to his side. "Say, young man," he whispered, "what paper are you on?"

But the parade had started again before Jennings could answer. The Evening Sun had the "beat" of the day

"Uncle Booker" and His People

The latest photographs of Booker T. Washington reveal more plainly than ever the characteristics which have endeared Mr. Washington to the men and women of his race Throughout a great part of the South the rank and file of the colored people, the farmers, many of whom have never even seen Mr Washington, speak of him among themselves as "Booker," the expression being not one of disrespect, but rather of affection. One of these men, grizzled with age, was heard soliloquizing about Mr. Washington after this fashion:

"Well, now, what is Booker? He's an educator. Yes, Booker's a great educator, but he's more than that. He's a leader. Yes, Booker's a great leader, but he's more than that; he's the redeemer of his people."

An old colored woman, twice as old as Mr. Washington, was asked to come to the negro conference at Tuskegee

"An' if Ah come," said she, "will Ah see Uncle Booker

"Yes; you'll see Mr. Washington, and hear him make a speech"

"Ah don' keer nuffin' 'bout no speech," she said "All Ah wants is jes' ter set 'way where Ah kin peep 'roun some corner an' jes' look at Uncle Booker."

Success Guaranteed

Hudson Maxim is a talented inventor and scientist, like his famous kinsman, Hiram Maxim One of his wonderful devices is a steel tubular cannon which throws a mountain of guncotton or other high explosive eight or ten mile

"It would destroy every man on a warship or in a fort, Mr Maxim?" asked a visitor

"Yes, sir," answered the inventor. "They would never know what happened."

"Well, supposing the gun went off prematurely

"But it could not," replied Mr. Maxim

"But supposing it did right here?"

Mr. Maxim smiled and answered: "We would not know what happened, either."

The Czarina's Expenses Reformed

Some time ago the Czarina, who is a very philanthropic and religious woman, made up her mind that the lavish use of tobacco in Russia was doing harm. She thereupon prohibited the use of the weed, and especially of cigarettes, in the Court

The courtiers, with proverbial wisdom, said nothing in regard to the new rule, but the dealers were greatly excited They waited upon one of the members of the Cabinet, who heard their story and said

"The matter shall receive full consideration

A few days after this one of the chief ladies in the Court astonished the Czarina by complimenting her upon her courage, self-sacrifice and generosity. The Czarina was a little puzzled, but supposing that nothing was intended beyond a mere compliment, made no comment

A few days passed and Her Imperial Majesty needed some money. It did not come, even after she had sent a confidential servant to the treasury At last, in place of money came a white-bearded old man from that institution, with pleasant voice and attractive address

"There must be a mistake, Your Imperial Majesty. Two years ago you prohibited the use of tobacco in the Court, and so great is your influence and so deep the love for you among the people that the sales of the weed dropped down to a fraction of what formerly was the case, and the internal revenue receipts became less than the expenses The Government appreciated your high munificence, because under the law of the land your income is charged against the tobacco tax of this district, and it was supposed that you had concluded to give up your wealth in order to carry out your views upon reform."

The following week, so the story goes, the rule was relaxed, and the Czarina's sudden poverty vanished as if by magic

Cutting Down a Tolstoi Novel

Count Leon Tolstoi once unknowingly gave to a New York newspaper man the hardest day's work of his life

A syndicate dealing in fiction offered to a newspaper a 60,000-word novel by Tolstoi, translated into English by Miss Hapgood. The price was satisfactory and the bargain was soon made. The novel in its entirety would take forty columns of the paper, and only six could be devoted to that purpose, so it was arranged that the editor could use as much or as little of it as he pleased, provided he paid the price

On Wednesday noon the proofs of the novel, thirty in number, were turned over to the desk man to condense into six columns—9000 words in all—and have the matter ready for the composing room at midnight. At the stroke of twelve by the office clock the "copy" was on its way up the pneumatic tube to the printers, and in due time it appeared That ended the copy reader's troubles, but the editor had difficulty in satisfactorily explaining matters to a delegation of Russian subscribers, who had meanwhile got a copy of the complete novel in the original text and complained bitterly of the abridged translation

"Of all novelists whose copy I have prepared for newspaper publication," recently explained the man who did the abridging, "Tolstoi is the easiest. This novel was really three stories in one. First came the general tale, which ran all through the book. Then came two separate stories, each more or less of a sermon, which dovetailed in with the general story. After reading the story over I found that I could cut out these parts and leave the main story untouched That is what I did, and so well was the story adapted to cutting that after I had taken out 51,000 words of narrative I had to make less than a dozen changes in the text that remained"

Mrs. Atherton's New Home

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, excepting her occasional visits to the United States, seems to have permanently joined the colony of American writers who are making England their home. At first she tried London, but she soon tired of society and now has taken a cottage at Bushey, called Merryhill near the metropolis. Here she does her work It is essentially the home of a Californian, and bears many traces of its owner's varied tastes and singular experiences Several years ago Mrs. Atherton settled in New York. She at once became a noted figure in literary circles, and before long she entered into a controversy with Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox She called the Wisconsin poet a "mouse-colored woman Before the affair ended honors were easy, however, and Mrs Atherton then moved upon the National Capital

Then came London and another conquest Mrs. Atherton is a rapid writer, and turns out her work with remarkable rapidity while the mood is on her. Her chirography is small and the letters are pointed

While in England several years ago she studied carefully the problem of international marriages. Her native State had just at that time supplied several heiresses to English lords, and in all cases the unions did not turn out happily In discussing the subject one day with Dr. Robertson Nicoll he suggested that she write a novel upon that topic She took his advice, and the novel, American Wives and English Husbands, was the result But with charming and characteristic perversity her story did not accord with the popular view of the subject. Her American wife was happy, in spite of her English husband, title, poverty and all

The Making of a Railroad Man

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER'S VIEWS

By William J. McQueen, Engineer New York Central and Hudson River Railroad

THIS is a particularly favorable time for entering the railroad service in this country. Most of the through and even the local lines have been handling an unusual amount of traffic and, as a result, work is plenty, pay is good, and the demand for experienced and reliable men has never been greater. Then, again, the rewards for persevering industry are increasing year by year as the number of employees grows and their duties become more onerous. Now-a-days the railroad fireman and engineer are more than mere workmen. They are intelligent, studious operators in a vast and ever-growing field of industry. The engineer of the present is better educated, as a rule, than his predecessor, is possessed of far more technical knowledge, and is better paid accordingly

The engineer of the future must make still farther advance than that. New devices for saving labor and expense, and inventions for increasing speed are constantly coming into use These require the services of firemen and engineers who are thoroughly up to date. To do this work, the future engineer must possess more technical knowledge than that of the engineer of the past. He must understand the principles of mechanical engineering to rise to the foremost rank in his calling. And it is for those who are ambitious to excel that this article is written. In addition to these improvements a possible change of motive power from steam to some other force may at any time revolutionize the business of the railroad world. When this change occurs, if ever, only the most studious, intelligent and proficient men will be able to hold their places

HOW TO BECOME A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER

Any young man with a common school education, good health and habits, intelligence, industry and ambition may become a locomotive engineer, provided he is willing to faithfully serve his apprenticeship. An experienced man often earns as much as two thousand dollars a year and, as a rule, he works only half the week. This gives him an abundance of time for study, rest and social enjoyment His income is decidedly larger than many professional men receive, his working hours are half as long and his place is his for life, unless he deliberately throws his chances away or is the victim of some unavoidable circumstance. Not only is his future secure in his own vocation, but the higher branches of the service are open to him, provided he fits himself to fill them. There are many engineers who have become master mechanics, division superintendents, superintendents of motive power, and some have gone even higher Angus Sinclair, the author and editor, acquired the foundation of his ripe knowledge while working as fireman, engineer and master mechanic. There he received the practical training which, coupled with his theoretical knowledge, has made him a world famed authority in his special lines. Promotion depends almost wholly upon the man. Study, thorough and constant care for the interest and welfare of the road and of its patrons, industry and intelligent self reliance are the keynotes of success

But how to begin? The usual way to become an engineer is to secure employment as a fireman. This is done by filling out an application blank furnished by the division superintendent of motive power. There are few shrewder judges of men than the officers who pass upon applicants for places in the operating branches of railroads. This is necessarily the case. The lives of hundreds of passengers and scores of train hands are at the mercy of the humblest employee of this service. Most of the men perform their tasks without direct supervision. Upon their fidelity, intelligence and experience the safety of the road depends No stronger illustration can be given of the care with which beginners are chosen than the fact that less than ten per cent. of the men who enter the service as firemen fail to become engineers

The chance of securing work rests largely upon the first impression made by the applicant. If a young man is clean in person and neat in dress, is physically sound, writes a plain hand, shows evidences of a fair education, and if his references are acceptable, he is generally put upon the waiting list There have been times when a young man has had to wait for months and even a year after going on the waiting list before he has been put to work, but owing to the present activity in railroad circles, the successful applicant to day seldom waits longer than three months, and oftentimes he is successful in obtaining employment within a few weeks.

HOW A GOOD FIREMAN SAVES HIS SALARY

The first work of a new fireman is usually on a switch engine. Sometimes he is so fortunate as to be taken at once into the through freight service. That was my experience. If he enters in the latter capacity he generally serves on the extra list, filling the places of men who are temporarily absent, until he is assigned to a regular engine. Now the young man has his chance. His advancement depends solely upon the use he will make of it. He serves directly under the tuition of the engineer. He learns to keep his engine clean and his fire in good condition. These apparently simple tasks are not to be learned in a month or a year. To perform them well requires a vast amount of patient industry. Then he must watch his coal. Fuel is one of the chief items of expense in the operating service. An economical fireman is often able to save his pay each month to the company. For instance, the New York Central System runs about 1600 engines a day. On the round trip to Albany from New York, about 300 miles, a passenger train averaging eight cars should use between seven and eight tons of coal, considering weather conditions. This consumption might easily be increased by careless firing.

A fireman's pay is better than that given to beginners in most walks of life. Switch engine firemen average fifty-seven dollars the month, through freight firemen get seventy-five dollars, and in the passenger service the pay runs up to ninety dollars on the best roads.

Right here let me say a word to young men starting in as firemen. It is hard work at first, and only young men who have been accustomed to manual labor are fitted, as a rule, to take the places. To many of these beginners fifty dollars seems a fortune and the tendency to spend it the first week is strong. Some new firemen, never having had so much money at one time before, live in luxury the first two weeks and run in debt the last two. At the beginning of a man's railroad career he should commence to save a part of his monthly wages. This rule should be followed all through the service. In no other way can he secure an independence or enjoy the comforts of home to their fullest extent

WILLIAM J. MCQUEEN

Before taking up the engineer's side of the making of a railroad man, let me write a few lines regarding my own career It may be of value to those who intend making railroad engineering their vocation. I was born in Cold Springs, New York, in 1855. My stepfather was one of the pioneer engineers on the old Albany and Schenectady Road and was with the road fifty-two years. Naturally I was ambitious to follow in his footsteps and by his advice I applied to the company for a place. I was made a fireman in the freight service when I was eighteen years of age I believe the limit of age has now been fixed by law at twenty-one years. That was in 1873, therefore I have been in the employ of the New York Central Railroad for twenty seven years. In all this period I have not been suspended one day and have only twice been forced to disconnect my engine because of a breakdown or failure of the machinery. When I was twenty two years old I became a full fledged engineer in the freight service. In 1888 I was promoted to the passenger service. I now run the Fast Mail and Eastern Express. Occasionally I take out the Empire State Express. I had charge of the engine that drew Admiral Dewey from New York to Shelburne, Vermont, on October 12 last. We made the run from Spuyten Duyvel Creek to Troy, 139 miles, in 139 minutes

CAREFULNESS BETTER THAN DAMAGE SUITS

Before a fireman becomes an engineer he should be thoroughly grounded in the fundamental principles of his trade. He should know the engine from tender to pilot. He should be able to run the machine in case of an emergency quite as well as the engineer himself. Indeed he must be able to do this or he would not be fitted for promotion. If much depends on the care given by the fireman to his work, much more depends on the thoroughness of the engineer. A conscientious engineer is in the round-house long enough before he starts out, to examine thoroughly every detail of his locomotive. He must do this himself and not trust to any one else. No detail should be too small to escape his attention. It takes me from an hour to an hour and a half to do this work every day that I take my engine out, and never, in the twenty-two years of my service, have I delegated it to an assistant

Prevention is better than cure many times over. A large percentage of railroad accidents results from a failure to minutely inspect locomotives before the trip has begun. Every minute of the engineer's time is occupied when he is once on the road He must see that the water in the boiler is at a proper height, that he has sufficient air to apply the brakes, that he has steam enough not only to run the engine but to keep the cars warm. He must watch every grade crossing and sound the whistle and he must be constantly on the alert for the block signals. On the Hudson River Division we have four hundred of these signals and they must be rigidly obeyed, for disobedience may mean disaster When any part of the equipment fails to work repairs must be made with as little detention to the service as possible, and the engineer who thoroughly understands his work is the one who succeeds in this emergency. To prevent these failures, however, he should ever be alert to detect anything wrong with the machinery the instant it occurs

PITCHING INTO THE HUDSON RIVER

I will give you an illustration from my own experience In 1893 I ran the Eastern Express from Albany to New York Coming down from Albany one October night, I had almost reached Hyde Park when I saw ahead of me a freight conductor signaling with his lantern. He was near a switch and I supposed he was communicating with his own crew After he had swung the lantern three times and started with the fourth swing, it flashed across my mind that something was wrong and I instantly put on the brake, shut off steam, reversed, and sanded the track. We were running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, but before we reached the switch we had slowed down to thirty. Some cars had been derailed and tipped over on our track, and these we struck with such force that our engine, express and mail cars left the rails and plunged into the Hudson River. When we reached the bottom the water was five or six feet over my head. I tried to crawl out of the cab but was wedged in so that I could not move. I was just giving myself up for lost when I heard something give way about the boiler and the engine parts turned over and released me. I shot up to the surface thoroughly exhausted, nearly unconscious, but otherwise uninjured. The fireman had come up as soon as the engine touched bottom

I found that the freight train had been derailed near the switch an instant before we came into view. Indeed, the time was so short that the tower man had no opportunity to set the danger signal. The track therefore was apparently clear, and had I not sensed danger from the signaling of the freight conductor, the chances are that most of the cars would have left the track with the engine. As it was, no lives were lost and traffic on the road was only delayed a few hours.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF THE RAILROAD MAN

On another occasion I was bringing down the American Express train from Albany. It was so black and foggy that I could not see farther than the length of two cars ahead When we had gone about a quarter of the trip we were stopped by signals, and I was informed that a freight train had broken in two, and that the first part had gone about fifteen miles ahead and was probably on a siding From that point on, as you may imagine, I ran at reduced speed We had gone a little more than fifteen miles without discovering the fugitive, when suddenly and without reason the thought came to me that it was time to stop

"Elliott," said I to the fireman, "we've gone far enough without finding out where that freight train is."

I shut off steam and applied the brakes, and at that very instant the fireman shouted, "Great Heavens! What's that ead of us?"

We had stopped within a car's length of the freight train There was no light on the rear car, and in another second our train would have been wrecked. This kind of precaution does not come under any head that I know of. I do

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of practical papers on The Making of a Railroad Man. President Ripley, of the Santa Fe will give the President's views in an early number.

not know what you would call it, so I shall set it down as "intuition," but it is a pretty valuable quality for an engineer to have on such occasions

Another time I was going north with the South Western Limited. As we rounded a sharp curve I saw a gang of trackmen carrying a rail across the track. Realizing instantly that it would be impossible for them to get over in time to clear the track unless I slowed down, I applied the brakes and whistled before shutting off steam. They heard the whistle, dropped the rail and saved themselves. The rail went under the pilot and slid along the track for fifty feet or more, but did no serious damage. If I had waited to shut off steam before applying the brakes and sounding the whistles, the men would have been killed and the engine probably derailed, as we were going at the rate of a mile a minute when we came upon them.

These three illustrations show the necessity for instantaneous action when emergency arises. There is no time for delay. On the engineer's judgment depends the safety of his passengers. At the rate of sixty miles an hour a train covers about ninety feet in a second—which is twenty feet more than the length of an ordinary passenger car. This will give the reader an idea of the necessity for action as rapid as thought itself when danger confronts the train

SHOOTING THROUGH A SNOW DRIFT

The life of an engineer is not always a rosy one. Sometimes we are called out on some "old mill" whose flues are stopped up in bitter cold weather, with icicles hanging from the grate bars, and are required to make as good time as with an engine in first-class condition. Here comes into play all those fine points in locomotive handling that have been acquired during an engineer's earlier experience. A resourceful engineer, aided by a competent fireman, is often able to make the trip on schedule time, and if he does his work well he is not called upon the carpet before the super" the next day to explain any failure to come up to the mark

These weather conditions demand the patience of Job. They bring out all the qualities that have been formed during the long years of plodding, thorough industry of his apprenticeship In extreme cold weather, on stormy days when the snow is piled mountain high over the tracks, as was the case in the blizzard of 1888, an engineer is called on often to do double work under circumstances that are almost appalling At such times the engineer is face to face with emergencies from the round-house to the end of his trip, and the experienced man who has added theoretical knowledge to his practical training is often able to succeed where a less proficient man fails

Take the blizzard of 1888 for an example The road had been tied up for three days. I took the first train out of the Grand Central Depot. Superintendent Voorhees was in the cab with me. Only one track was open, if you can call a track open that was covered with snow, and at times we were completely buried beneath the drifts. At Kingsbridge there is a sharp curve and rock cut, where it is customary to slow down. As I started to shut off steam Mr. Voorhees called to me

"Don't slow down," he said, "the track is buried in snow round the curve. I live here and know."

So I sent the engine ahead at full speed and we shot through a drift that was higher than the cab roof. Had we slowed down we might have been stalled. It took us nine hours to plow our way to Albany and I was wringing wet from the snow that poured into the cab window

During this same blizzard many engines were stalled in the drift and the engineer and fireman were kept busy feeding the tank with snow, instead of water, to keep the engine alive and warm the cars. On occasions during the winter hours are sometimes doubled and even trebled, especially in the through freight service. I have known of men who have worked continuously on these trains for forty hours or longer. But these occasions, happily, are rare

In spite of these hardships and of accidents railroad men as a rule live quite as long as other men. Most life insurance companies now readily accept firemen and engineers as risks at a slightly advanced premium. By careful train management and the improved roadbeds of the present day, loss of life has been reduced to a minimum

HOURS AND PAY OF ENGINEERS

A railroad engineer is a good deal like a soldier. He is always working under orders. Nine-tenths of the employees of the transportation department are seldom under the direct supervision of their immediate superiors. From the moment I leave the round-house until I pull into it again at the end of the round trip I am constantly under orders that must be obeyed to the letter. Except in cases of emergency every action is laid down in the rules of the road I always do certain things at certain points in the run, never before and never after that point is reached

Such in outline are the duties of a locomotive engineer The pay is fully as high, if not higher, than that paid to other classes of skilled labor. A switch engineer on the best roads gets about $100 the month, a freight engineer from $140 to $150, and a passenger engineer from $150 to $175

Switch engineers work ten hours the day every day in the week, with one hour for dinner

Freight engineers work ten hours the day, the week through

Local passenger engineers average eight hours work the day, with three Sundays off each month

Through passenger engineers average from fourteen to sixteen hours every other day Their working time includes the lay off at the end of the single trip at the other end of the run

Upon the subject of education for engineers a volume might be written and not exhaust the subject To begin with, no engineer can know too much, and the more knowledge a beginner has the better it is for him. A college education is better than a grammar-school training, and a theoretical education along technical lines is better than a collegiate education without that feature. Many of the best engineers in the country are making or have made up the deficiencies in their early training by taking special courses of instruction in mechanical branches after they were already far advanced in their calling. I am now completing a course in theoretical mechanics, and if I should see any signs of a prospective change in motive power from steam to electricity I would at once fit myself to be a practical electrical engineer That is the trade I have set my son to learn. Of course a beginner who has an education in these branches is better fitted, everything else being equal, to succeed in the railroad business than one who has not. But this need not discourage a man, as there is always time for study, and no man is too old to learn. Theory however, is not everything, as I have tried to show It must be coupled with practical experience to accomplish the best results, and this experience can only be acquired as I have acquired it and as thousands of other men have acquired it—by years of hard and patient work on the deck of a locomotive

WHAT EDUCATION DOES FOR RAILROAD MEN

There are other and immediate rewards offered to the conscientious and studious engineer than promotion in other departments. For instance, the railroad company shows particular favor to the best-informed engineers, and that in itself is as gratifying as an increase in pay would be Suppose a superintendent of motive power contemplates making a test of the efficiency of certain kinds of coal special grades of oil, recent inventions in tools or new devices in engine construction. He details an engineer on whom he can rely to conduct the experiment Upon the result of this engineer's test the alteration may be adopted or rejected. When a railroad plans a new train service, the run is divided between the most reliable engineers on the line and the schedule of time is fixed in accordance with the time they make on that trial trip. The management trusts its best men, and this confidence is a remuneration to be prized as much as a pecuniary reward

There is another result of education which is far reaching in its good not only to railroad men at large but to the country as well. Education quickens a man's intelligence and broadens his views. He can look on both sides of a question where formerly he could see only one. This broadness of vision is of inestimable value in time of labor troubles It enables the men to consider the matter of a strike with calmness and fairness. Then, too a railroad company trusts its men according as they have proved their trustworthiness, and when the settlement of a dispute rests between two parties, each having a certain measure of confidence in the other, a fair solution is more than probable

The manifold advantages of education have been fully realized by most railroad managements throughout the country, and they have come to its aid in a manner both generous and practical. In almost every large city railroad clubs with reading rooms, libraries and restaurants have been established for trainmen within the last few years. Most of them are under the direction of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association and they offer benefits to the men that were not even dreamed of when I entered the service. In these clubs a man may spend his leisure time as comfortably and as profitably as in his own home. Indeed they offer advantages that few homes possess. The libraries are large and well selected. The reading rooms contain the current periodicals, daily newspapers and the best class of railroad journals. It is in the pages of these trade publications that the richest field for technical study is found. The latest inventions and improvements are recorded there, and many an engineer has discovered in some article the practical solution of a problem that has long confronted him Two hours in a club reading room or library are equal to a lecture in a class room, provided the desire to learn is in the man

There is still another benefit in these institutions which should be emphasized. They minimize the temptation to dissipation that formerly met the railroad man at the farther end of his trip. There was a time when the round house and the railroad depot were the only places where a man away from home could spend his lay-off time unless he went to a hotel or a liquor saloon. No engineer who hopes for success can afford to drink. Sobriety and study are two of the chief factors in his advancement, and to day the incentives to this end are as nearly perfect as man can make them

The Winter Nights at Home

By Joe Lincoln

A STRETCH of hill and valley swathed thick in robes of white
The buildings blots of blackness, the windows gems of light,
A moon, now clear, now hidden, as in its headlong race
The north wind drags the cloud-wrack in tatters o'er its face:
Mailed twigs that click and clatter upon the tossing tree,
And, like a giant's chanting, the deep voice of the sea.
As 'mid the stranded ice cakes the bursting breakers foam—
The old familiar picture, a winter night at home

The old familiar picture—the firelight rich and red
The lamplight soft and mellow, the shadowed beams o'erhead
And father with his paper, and mother calm and sweet,
Mending the red yarn stockings stubbed through by careless feet
The little attic bedroom, the window beneath the eaves
Decked by the Frost King's brushes with silvered sprays and leaves
The rattling sash which gossips with idle gusts that roam
About the ice-framed gables—the winter nights at home

What would I give to climb them—those narrow stairs so steep—
And reach that little chamber, and sleep a boy's sweet sleep!
What would I give to view it—that old house by the sea
Filled with the dear lost faces who made it home for me!
The sobbing wind sings softly the song of long ago,
And in that country churchyard the graves are draped in snow.
But there, beyond the arches of Heaven's star-jeweled dome,
Perhaps *they* know I'm dreaming of winter nights at home

Playing Chess in Texas

A MAN who won a reputation for cool daring and almost eccentric fearlessness along a thousand miles of the southwestern border died in Texas a short time ago—died, too, in bed, like a Christian. This man was A. L. Parrott, formerly a sergeant in McNelly's company of Texas Rangers. In 1875, when McNelly and thirty of his men pursued a great band of raiding cattle thieves to the Rio Grande, only to find that the raiders had crossed into Mexico, it was Parrott who swam the river while the thieves were swarming on the other side, stole a boat from under their very noses, and rowed back, the Mexicans keeping up a merry fusilade at him

One night about six months after Parrott left the State service he was sitting in a house in a little town in southwest Texas, playing chess with a friend. It was a warm night, and the chess-board was on a table close to an open window. Parrott had the white men. His queen was in a direct line with the black king, but a black knight was between the two pieces. It was Parrott's move Suddenly there was a sharp report outside and a bullet whistled in through the window, hit the black knight and buried itself in the wall. Parrott had been bending over the board, and the bullet was evidently intended for his head. But for a few seconds he did not stir. He saw the black knight suddenly vanish. Then in his peculiar drawling, hesitating way he said: "Check!"

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Those Who Take Early and Hold Long

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY reports in his Apologie for Poetrie a fine saying from the mouth of one John Pietro Pugliano, an esquire at the court of an Emperor, who was giving him some lessons in horsemanship. Speaking of cavalry, he said that they were the noblest of soldiers, "speedy goers and strong abiders."

A certain pithy quality in those five words may easily suggest the very highest evidence of human efficiency. Men who go quickly to the point are admirable, and those who hold the ground when they capture it are considered successful, but the man whom all the world accepts as its permanent model of efficiency is the one who wins early and holds late—the speedy goers and strong abiders. We wonder at Keats, at Charles XII of Sweden, and other youthful prodigies of genius; but the sane and hale old heroes, like Tennyson, Gladstone, Goethe and Angelo, the mighty men with the aspect of hoary maturity, grip our highest admiration with a steadfast power that is godlike. They won a great place in the flower of youth and kept it serenely through a long life.

Sir Philip Sidney himself challenges but the warm, romantic side of our nature; he was never more than a beautiful and chivalrous boy; his character promised far more than it might have filled; we cannot be sure that at eighty he would have held the head of age loftily above the murmurings of common humanity. When Oliver Wendell Holmes spun the fine filaments of his humor in the heyday of octogenarian boyhood he somehow won a lap from his competitors in the race of life, and he went to his grave, as Bryant did, with the air of one who "lies down to pleasant sleep."

Perhaps it is due to an inherent strain of wisdom that a man discovers himself early and lays hold at once upon the safeguards which insure permanent success at the outset of his career and at the same time conserve his natural forces for a long and steady course. The dignity of a really great nature refuses itself to the insistent demands of all untempered ambitions; it makes haste slowly, like the influence of planets and suns; but you feel how it outstrips the flare of rocket and petty meteor. Ages do not try the placid and vast patience of the man who is to be a master.

If the young person were but truly teachable, if the wisdom of the elders, crystallized by the heat of that terrible friction which we call experience, could actually be turned to the account of youth in its full blooded prime, what a change would soon come over the countenance of life! What if the boy of twenty could actually stand sure-footed on the lofty eminence of the successful but time-scarred man of sixty—expand the horizon of efficiency from the circle of the college campus to a full periphery of manly power, what if —— But let us not go off on such a tangent. It serves best our practical turn to keep pace only with possibilities.

We may, even if the process be almost invisibly slow, train the generations to be "speedy goers and strong abiders." The task is physical as much as spiritual. Nature has no use for soul without body in this life. The source of sane sentiment is in the core of a healthy and well kept body. Not that the sick and puny physique cannot house a great spirit; but how much efficiency is lost when the blood runs with a watery pallor and the muscles hang in flabby folds. The man and his soul must be boon companions and lusty comrades in arms. The body must sturdily abet the spirit in all the brave aspirations of life. If we would be speedy goers and strong abiders we must look to the physical basis of efficiency while we are shaping the course of the mind. When Alfred Tennyson "crossed the bar" the voice of age sent down from the loftiest billow of the outward-rolling tide a strain as magically fresh and powerful as any ever flung from the rosy lips of youth. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

To awake cheerfully is to win half the day's battle.

People Who Save

IT IS frequently said that the working class, so called, is the first to suffer from a panic or other cause of business stagnation and the last to recover from such misfortune, it is further said that in good times this class spends as fast as it earns. If this be true, there must be something radically wrong in the reports of the savings banks of the several States, as collated and published by the Comptroller of the Currency.

From the Comptroller's statistics it appears that in 1892, the year before the last panic began, the savings banks had about four and three quarter million depositors, with more than seventeen hundred million dollars to their credit. In 1893—the panic year—the number of depositors increased nearly sixty thousand, with a credit of almost seventy million dollars. In 1894, the hardest year of the period of depression, the number of depositors was reduced by less than five thousand, and the deposits decreased only thirty-seven million dollars. In 1895, while the depression still continued, the number of depositors exceeded that of any preceding year by about forty-five thousand, and the deposits became about twenty-five million dollars greater than in any year before. In 1896, business still being stagnant and a Presidential contest under way, about two hundred thousand additional depositors appeared with nearly one hundred millions in money. In 1897 and 1898 there were large gains, while last year brought the savings banks about three hundred thousand new depositors, and the moneys on deposit increased by more than one hundred and sixty millions, the grand total for the year being more than five and one half million depositors and twenty-two hundred and thirty million dollars.

In all the years named—the bad as well as the good—the average of the money on deposit exceeded three hundred and fifty dollars per individual. It has often been said that the working class in America is not so economical and prudent as the same class in Europe. On the other side of the Atlantic the number of savings bank depositors, in proportion to population, is greater than here, nevertheless, the entire sum on deposit in all European savings banks is not twice as great as that in the United States, the average per individual is not half so great as it is here, nor does the average of the most prosperous European states much exceed one half of our own, although in these states the small farmers use the savings banks to an extent unknown in farming sections of the United States.

These figures prove beyond doubt that the working class in the United States does not squander its money, and that it is so successful at accumulating that even a long period of business depression cannot ruin it, for, as is shown above, the worst year of the recent "hard times" reduced the aggregate of savings bank depositors by only about two per [illegible], and this, too, at a time when in every State of the Union the bank balances of thousands of persons supposed to be well-to-do dwindled and disappeared. It is true that not all savings bank depositors belong to what is called the working class. It is also true that some working men drink their possible surplus instead of saving it, but after all possible exceptions and allowances are made, the savings bank statements indicate that as a rule the American workingman is well paid, industrious, provident, economical and thrifty; he is better off than the champions of his own class admit, and he has far more self-denial, self-command and character than are attributed to him by his critics.

Every small speculator knows how to make millions. The pity is he never profits by his knowledge.

Telephones in the Country

A QUIET revolution is taking place in Western country life, which promises to accomplish results within a year more important and far-reaching than any since the advent of the transcontinental railroads. Already the pioneer life of the isolated farmer has disappeared and the tide of industrial and educational advance has swept over the Northwest. The national telephone system, which until recently extended its arms only to the large cities, has within a few months entered the houses of thousands of Western farmers and bound together city and country, producer and consumer, in bonds of actual contact and constant communication.

To the economist the results of this extension through the rich farm lands of the Northwest are of most profound interest, and must be the basis of an entire revision of the theories of the relations between producer and consumer. The immobility of the country is destroyed at a blow, and the farmer is raised from a passive agency to an aggressive economic force.

To the sociologist the results are no less important, as the telephone does away with the seclusion of rural life, binds together scattered communities, creates social interests, and destroys the barrier between city and country. Henceforth the country is but a vast suburb, in touch with the metropolis of its neighborhood, unified by the voice of one leader.

It is only within the past year that the farmer has opened his eyes to the possibilities of the telephone, but since he has recognized them there has been such a demand upon the telephone companies that it has been impossible to fill the orders, and local geniuses have built lines out of fence wire and china knobs. No farmer is considered up to date without his telephone. In the early morning the rattle of the bell arouses him to the day's work, and he hastens to care for his cattle. After breakfast he calls the post office several miles away, and inquires for his mail. There he is sure to hear the news of the town and to have a talk with some of the gossips of the place.

On the great ranches of the Southwest a use of the telephone more startling and really novel has been made. There, in the past few years, the vast free range of the early days has been checkered by the dreaded wire fence. Across the old trails of ante-railroad days, around the green-edged springs where wild herds used to water, and about the choicest pastures of the range, the wire fence—the enemy of cowboy and hunter, of wild beast and roving cattle—has drawn its magic circle. The ranchman of to-day has made this dreaded wire do him a noble service. He has made of it a line of communication across the barren hills from cattle round up or sheep-dip to the ranch-house. He is a strange mingling of the old West and the new West, this rancher with the telephone.

All the forces of rural society are organized and controlled by the little wire which bobs over the hills and down the shady lanes. Through the telephone it seems inevitable that the farmer will assume a new economic position. Keeping in touch with the market, he is able to dispose of produce directly to the city dealer or to the consumer without the assistance of any middleman. Fluctuations in the market will be felt immediately by the producer, and he will be able to prevent any advantage being taken of him. He may talk to his town buyer and to his city broker the same hour and sell his produce at the top of the market.

This was recently shown in the broom corn district of Illinois in a most graphic way. This district, which lies in the southern part of the State, was visited by buyers who offered sixty dollars per ton for broom corn. This was the ruling price at the end of the previous season, and was generally accepted. The buyers had almost covered the district, buying the entire output, when an official of the telephone company, quick to see the possibilities of the corner, caused the farmers who had telephones to be notified that the price had risen and that they had better consult the market. These more enterprising farmers consulted the magnates of Troy, Ohio, the centre of the broom-corn market, and, as a result, sold their crop for four times the price paid to their neighbors, two hundred and forty dollars a ton. This lesson of progress has sunk deep into the broom-corn district, and, needless to say, every farmer in the county has been convinced of the practical value of the telephone.

—WILBUR WHITTEMORE BASSETT

Getting married on love and faith is all right, but the husbands of faith, like faith itself, should be known by their works.

The Things that Really Happen

MANY of the great fighters and men of action, after perils on land and sea and heroic deeds that live in history, found commonplace ends. It seems curious that a General should go through dozens of battles unscathed and then choke to death on a peach stone. It seems wrong that a man should endure the dangers of an adventurous life and then become the victim of a folding bed. But all these things happen, and it was hardly necessary for the papers of the country to poke so much good natured fun at Captain Sigsbee, who, after being blown up in the Maine and having a conspicuous part in a war with a foreign country, met his first mishap with a Brooklyn trolley car. Of course, we understand that the Brooklyn trolley car is a peculiarly aggressive and murderous specimen of its kind, but there is no reason why it should not have had more respect for such a hero as Captain Sigsbee. After all, the things that really happen are the things we never expect. The pert, freckled snub-nosed girl, who never knew her lessons in after years marries a millionaire, while the lovely, modest belle of the village, who stood well in her classes and sang in the choir, is drudging away, wondering at Fate. The good boy, who everybody in the neighborhood knew would be either a preacher or President of the United States, is still clerking in the dry goods store, while the mischievous kid, who everybody expected would land in the penitentiary, is in Congress. So it goes. The girls marry other fellows and the boys marry the other girls. The things we expect people to do they do not do, and the things that we never look for simply come around to show how little we know about Fate.

"All that lies between the cradle and the grave is uncertain," said old Seneca, and this is what makes the world endurable. If a man knows that he is as liable to escape from an explosion as from a trolley car, or if he feels that big dangers are often less than the small ones, the very confidence in such a condition of things makes him a philosopher; and if there is anything calculated to produce content or happiness it is philosophy. When we can convince ourselves that the things that really happen, happen for the best, and that if they did not happen unexpectedly to us there would not be much interest in living, then we have reached a peace of mind and understanding which keeps the eyes bright and the soul young.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" *That are Making HISTORY*

NELSON W. ALDRICH OF RHODE ISLAND

Silver Once More Valuable than Gold

Bewildering aptly describes the result when the figures of the money question are thrown at the average audience Gladstone achieved his first reputation when he made statistics interesting He is dead, and he left no equal, but in a general way we can appreciate the stupendous totals that are used in the discussion of the financial facts of the world

All the important European countries, save France, Italy and Spain, are on a gold basis. The United States is placed in the gold and silver column largely from the fact of her enormous holdings in silver. We have, for instance, between six and seven hundred millions of silver stock, or within seventy millions of our total of gold stock. The production of gold in this country annually amounts to more than the production of silver Mexico, the principal country on a silver basis, has a ratio of 1 to 16½; Japan, which is both gold and silver, has a ratio of 1 to 16.18 Our own ratio is not 1 to 16, but 1 to 15.98 The other ratios of the world are 1 to 15½, except that of Turkey, which is 1 to 15½, India, which is 1 to 15, and the Netherlands, which is 1 to 15½.

There was a time in the history of the world when silver had more value than gold. It was the case in ancient Arabia, and also in ancient Germany. The first reported ratio after gold began to be considered more valuable was 1 to 2, and through the ages it has fluctuated gradually rising, with few exceptions In England during the twelfth century it was 1 to 9. In France during the fourteenth century gold and silver coins of like weight bore the same value Portugal in the seventeenth century was able to govern the rate, and she fixed the value of gold as sixteen times that of silver. The nation which first raised the 16 to 1 arrangement over three centuries ago is now among those on a gold basis It is somewhat curious that no two sets of tables as to the ratios of the different years exactly agree, but in round numbers the value of gold as compared to that of silver has increased since 1850 from about 1 to 15.70 to 1 to 30 The commercial value of the dollar of to-day is said by the mint authori-

JOSEPH W. BAILEY OF TEXAS

ties to be considerably less than fifty cents From the gold standpoint this is called a case of metal finding its intrinsic level According to the advocates of the compulsory ratio of 16 to 1, it is the result of legislation and manipulation

In one case, at least, silver in this country outranks gold The perfect silver dollar of 1804 is worth $1000—one was sold not long ago for $1200—while the rarest of the gold pieces, the half eagles of 1815 or 1822, would not bring much more than $300 Still there are only thirteen of the silver dollars of 1804 known to exist—which again forcibly illustrates the unpopularity of that unlucky number

The New Development of an Old Issue

Recent events assure the ascendency of silver as one of the great issues of the Presidential contest In his annual message President McKinley urgently recommended that the existing gold standard be supported and maintained, and he used these words "The financial transactions of the Government are computed upon a gold basis We receive gold when we sell United States bonds, and use gold for their payments. We are maintaining the parity of the money issued or coined by the authority of the Government.

In order that this might be done more effectually, he recommended new legislation Currency bills were introduced both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate early in the session That in the House was entitled "A bill to define and fix the standard of value, to maintain the parity of all moneys issued or coined by the United States and for other purposes." This measure, which was in charge of Mr Jesse Overstreet, aroused a spirited debate and came to a vote on the eighteenth of last December The Republicans voted for it unanimously, thus placing themselves indisputably in favor of the gold standard. Seven Democrats also voted for it

It was striking proof of the change which has taken place in the Republican party, which formerly showed favor to gold, but denied that it intended to abandon silver. Indeed, one of the amusing features of the debate was the manner in which the silver orators quoted the leading Republicans against themselves But the Republican decision is for gold absolutely and uncompromisingly, and the present status is an interesting case of political evolution

JOHN SHERMAN

THE LATE RICHARD P. BLAND

The Senate bill was entitled: "A bill to affirm the existing standard of value, to maintain the parity in value of all forms of money, to refund the public debt, and for other purposes." Mr. Overstreet, the Republican manager of the House bill, is from Indiana. Mr. Aldrich, the Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, is from Rhode Island Mr. Bailey, one of the most eloquent of the silver leaders of the Democrats, is from Texas, and Mr. Vest, whose devotion to silver through many long years gives him a prominent place on the Finance Committee of the Senate, is from Missouri Back of all this fight, of course, was the great contest in John Sherman's time, when, under his leadership, began the official appreciation of gold as the money standard of the nation, and when Bland, with powerful and exhaustless assiduity, worked his best for silver. In both the Republican measures the unit of value is the same: 25.8 of gold .9 fine. This means that, according to the existing valuations, it would take between thirty and forty units of silver to make one unit of gold

Against this opposition the silver forces are still fighting Over his own signature, Mr William Jennings Bryan, the last Democratic candidate for President, stated: "The sentiment in favor of the re-affirmation of the Chicago platform is so overwhelming that all opposition is likely to disappear before the convention is called to order." The plank in that platform referring to money was as follows

"We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the consent or aid of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender equal with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal-tender money by private contract." There are other planks, but this is chief

GEORGE G. VEST, OF MISSOURI

The Silver Shilling that Went from Home

The Director of the Mint at Washington has a table from 1687 to the present, giving each year the ratio of silver to gold. It never reached 16 before 1800, when it began the century with 15.68, and it did not reach 16 in the present century until 1874 Since then the figures have been steadily going up, or down as one may choose to call it In 1898 it was 15.93 and it has been in the neighborhood of those figures ever since The day this article is written the bullion value of the silver dollar is $0.467, or expressed in cents, 46.7, the ratio being equivalent to 34.23 In 1873 it was intrinsically worth more than 100 cents In 1900 its bullion value is about 47 cents

The other day in the change was a Canadian twenty-five-cent piece. Along the borders of the United States it would easily pass current, but in the Middle States it was unfavorably returned The experiences of the coin were related at the dinner-table when a young voice remarked, "Why, that is like The Silver Shilling in Andersen's Fairy Tales."

Of course the story is familiar. The shilling, fresh from the mint, rushed forth into the world with a desire to see all it could, but when it got far away from home it began to have trouble People called it a fraud and a cheat and it felt low to think that it should be the cause of distress. After many vicissitudes, a traveler from its own country came upon it and accepted it at its face value. "And at last I got home again" said the Shilling. "All my troubles were ended; joy came back to me, for I was of good silver and had the right stamp, and I had no more disagreeables to endure. One must wait for the end and one will be righted at last—that's my belief"

The gold people hold that each coin should be so valuable that it will pass current in any country. The silver people say that as long as the money is good for use at home it performs all the purposes of useful currency. Undoubtedly silver has been getting the worst of it in its wanderings over the [illegible] Perhaps it may repeat the philosophy of the shilling and must wait for the end and one will be righted at last

JESSE OVERSTREET OF INDIANA

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The three men—Harris, George and the author—are on a bicycle tour through Germany. A tandem and a trailer are the means

The Regeneration of George

WE WERE on our way to Prague and were waiting in the great hall of the Dresden station until such time as the Powers-That-Be should admit us to the platform. George, who had wandered to the bookstall, returned to us with a wild look in his eyes. He said

"I've seen it!"

I said: "Seen what?"

He was too excited to answer intelligently. He said

"It's here. It's coming this way, both of them. If you wait you'll see it for yourselves. I'm not joking; it's the real thing"

As is usual about this period, some paragraphs more or less serious had been appearing in the papers concerning the sea serpent, and I thought for the moment he must be referring to this. A moment's reflection, however, told me that here in the middle of Europe, three hundred miles from the coast, such a thing was impossible. Before I could question him further he seized me by the arm

"Look!" he said; "now am I exaggerating"

I turned my head and saw what, I suppose, few living Englishmen have ever seen before—the traveling Britisher according to the Continental idea, accompanied by his daughter. They were coming toward us in the flesh and blood, unless we were dreaming, alive and concrete; the English "Milor" and the English "Mees," as for generations they have been portrayed in the Continental comic press and upon the Continental stage. They were perfect in every detail. The man was tall and thin, with sandy hair, a huge nose, and long Dundreary whiskers. Over a pepper-and-salt suit he wore a light overcoat reaching almost to his heels

His white helmet was ornamented with a green veil; a pair of opera glasses hung at his side, and in his lavender-gloved hand he carried an alpenstock a little taller than himself

His daughter was tall and angular. Her dress I cannot describe; my grandfather, poor gentleman, might have been able to do so; it would have been more familiar to him. I can only say that it appeared to me unnecessarily short, exhibiting a pair of ankles—if I may be permitted to refer to such points—that from an artistic point of view called rather for concealment. Her hat made me think of Mrs. Hemans, but why I cannot explain. She wore side-spring boots—"prunella," I believe, used to be the trade name—mittens and a *pince nez*. She also carried an alpenstock (there is not a mountain within a hundred miles of Dresden), and a black bag strapped to her waist. Her teeth stuck out like a rabbit's, and her figure was that of a bolster on stilts

I turned my head and saw what, I suppose, few living Englishmen have ever seen before—the traveling Britisher

Harris rushed for his camera, and of course could not find it; he never can when he wants it. Whenever we see Harris scuttling up and down, like a lost dog, shouting, "Where's my camera? What the dickens have I done with my camera? Don't either of you remember where I put my camera?"—then we know that for the first time that day he has come across something worth photographing. Later, he remembered it was in his bag; that is where it would be on an occasion like this

They were not content with appearance; they acted the thing to the letter. They walked gaping around them at every step. The gentleman had an open Baedeker in his hand, and the lady carried a phrase-book. They talked French that nobody could understand, and German that they could not translate themselves. The man poked at officials with his alpenstock to attract their attention, and the lady, her eye catching sight of an advertisement of somebody's cocoa, said, "Shocking!" and turned the other way.

Really, there was some excuse for her. One notices even in England, the home of the proprieties, that the lady who drinks cocoa appears, according to the poster, to require very little else in this world; a yard or so of art muslin at the most. On the Continent she dispenses, so far as one can judge, with every other necessity of life. Not only is cocoa food and drink to her, but it should be clothes also, according to the idea of the cocoa manufacturer. But this by the way

Of course they immediately became the centre of attraction. By being able to render them some slight assistance I gained the advantage of five minutes' conversation with them. They were very affable. The gentleman told me his name was Jones, and that he came from Manchester, but he did not seem to know what part of Manchester, or where Manchester was. I asked him where he was going, but he evidently did not know. He said it depended. I asked him if he did not find an alpenstock a clumsy thing to walk about with through a crowded town; he admitted that occasionally it did get in the way. I asked him if he did not find a veil interfered with his view of things; he explained that you only wore it when the flies became troublesome. I inquired of the lady if she did not find the wind blew cold; she said she had noticed it, especially at the corners. I did not ask these questions one after another as I have here put them down; I mixed them up with general conversation, and we parted on good terms

I have pondered upon the apparition, and have come to a definite opinion. A man I met later at Frankfort, and to whom I described the pair, said he had seen them himself in Paris three weeks after the termination of the Fashoda incident; and a traveler for some English steel works whom we met in Strasburg remembered having seen them in Berlin during the excitement caused by the Transvaal question. My conclusion is that they were actors out of work, hired to do this thing in the interests of international peace. The French Foreign Office, wishful to allay the anger of the Parisian mob clamoring for war with England, secured this admirable couple and sent them around the town. You cannot be amused at a thing and at the same time want to kill it. The French nation saw the English citizen and citizeness—no caricature, but the living reality—and their indignation exploded in laughter. The success of the stratagem prompted them later to offer their services to the German Government, with the beneficial results that we all know

Our own Government might learn the lesson. It might be as well to keep near Downing Street a few small, fat Frenchmen, to be sent around the country when occasion called for it, shrugging their shoulders and eating frog sandwiches; or a file of untidy, lank-haired Germans might be retained to walk about, smoking long pipes, saying, "Soh?" The public would laugh and exclaim: "War with such? It would be too absurd." Failing the Government, I recommend the scheme to the Peace Society.

Our visit to Prague we were compelled to lengthen somewhat. Prague is one of the most interesting towns in Europe. Its stones are saturated with history and romance; its every suburb must have been a battle-field. It is the town that conceived the Reformation and hatched the Thirty-Years' War. But half Prague's troubles, one imagines, might have been saved to it had it possessed windows less large and temptingly convenient. The first of these mighty catastrophies it set rolling by throwing the Seven Councilors from the windows of its Rathhaus on to the pikes of the waiting Hussites below. Later it gave the signal for the second by again throwing the

Our Guide

Imperial Councilors from the windows of the old burg in the Hradschin—Prague's second "*Fenster-sturz*." Since, other fateful questions have been decided in Prague. One assumes, from their having been concluded without violence, that such must have been discussed in cellars. The window as an argument, one feels, would always have proved too strong a temptation to any true-born Praguer.

In the Teynkirche stands the worm-eaten pulpit from which preached John Huss. One may hear from the selfsame desk to-day the voice of a priest, while in far-off Constance a rude block of stone, half ivy hidden, marks the spot where Huss and Jerome died burning at the stake; history is fond of her little ironies. In this same Teynkirche lies buried Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, who made the common mistake of thinking the earth, with its eleven hundred creeds and one humanity, the centre of the universe, but who otherwise observed the stars clearly

Through Prague's dirty, palace-bordered alleys must have pressed often in hot haste blind Ziska and open-minded Waldstein—they have dubbed him "The Hero" in Prague, and the town is honestly proud of having owned him for a citizen; in his gloomy palace in the Waldstein-Platz they show as a sacred spot the cabinet where he prayed, and seem to have persuaded themselves he really had a soul. Its steep, winding ways must have been choked a dozen times, now by Sigismund's flying legions followed by fierce killing Taborites, and now by pale Protestants pursued by the victorious followers of Maximilian. Now Saxons, now Bavarians, and now French; now the saints of Gustavus Adolphus, and now the steel fighting-machines of Frederick the Great, have thundered at its gates and fought upon its bridges.

The Jews have always been an important feature of Prague. Occasionally they have assisted the Christians in their favorite occupation of slaughtering one another, and the great flag suspended from the vaulting of the Altneuschule testifies to the courage with which they helped Catholic Ferdinand to resist the Protestant Swedes. The Prague Ghetto was one of the first to be established in Europe, and in the tiny synagogue, still standing, the Jew of Prague has worshiped for eight hundred years, his women folk devoutly listening without, at the ear-holes provided for them in the massive walls. The Jewish cemetery adjacent, "Bethchajim or the House of Life," seems as though it were bursting with its dead. Within its narrow acre it was the law of centuries that here or nowhere must the bones of Israel rest. So the worn and broken tombstones lie piled in close confusion, as though tossed and tumbled by the stifled host beneath

The Ghetto walls have long been leveled, but the living Jews of Prague still cling to their narrow lanes, though these are being rapidly replaced by fine new streets that promise to eventually transform this quarter into the handsomest part of the town

At Dresden they advised us not to talk German in Prague. For years racial animosity between the German minority and the Czech majority has raged throughout Bohemia, and to be mistaken for a German in certain streets of Prague is inconvenient to a man whose staying powers in a race are not what once they were. However, we did talk German in

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read with enjoyment without reference to preceding installments

Prague; it was a case of talking German or nothing. The Czech dialect is said to be of great antiquity and of highly scientific cultivation. Its alphabet contains forty-two letters suggestive, to the stranger, of Chinese. It is not a language to be picked up in a hurry. We decided that on the whole there would be less risk to our constitutions in keeping to German, and, as a matter of fact, no harm came to us. The explanation I can only surmise. The Praguer is an exceedingly acute person; some subtle falsity of accent, some slight grammatical inaccuracy, may have crept into our German, revealing to him the fact that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, we were no true-born Deutscher. I do not assert this; I put it forward as a possibility

To avoid unnecessary danger, however, we did our sight seeing with the aid of a guide. No guide I have ever come across is perfect. This one had two distinct failings. His English was decidedly weak. Indeed, it was not English at all. I do not know what you would call it. It was not altogether his fault; he had learned English from a Scotch lady. I understand Scotch fairly well; to keep abreast of modern English literature this is necessary; but to understand broad Scotch, talked with a Slavonic accent, occasionally relieved by German modifications, taxes the intelligence. For the first hour it was difficult to rid one's self of the conviction that the man was choking. Every moment we expected him to die on our hands. In the course of the morning we grew accustomed to him, and rid ourselves of the instinct to throw him on his back every time he opened his mouth, and tear his clothes from him. Later we came to understand a part of what he said, and this led to the discovery of his second failing.

■

It would seem he had lately invented a hair restorer which he had persuaded a local chemist to take up and advertise. Half his time he had been pointing out to us not the beauties of Prague, but the benefits likely to accrue to the human race from the use of this concoction, and the conventional agreement with which, under the impression he was waxing eloquent concerning views and architecture, we had met his enthusiasm, he had attributed to sympathetic interest in this wretched hair wash of his.

The result was that now there was no keeping him away from the subject. Ruined palaces and crumbling churches he dismissed with curt reference as mere frivolities, encouraging a morbid taste for the decadent. His duty, as he saw it, was not to lead us to dwell upon the ravages of time, but rather to direct our attention to the means of repairing them. What had we to do with broken-headed heroes or bald headed saints? Our interest should be surely in the living world; in the maidens with their flowing tresses—or the flowing tresses they might have by judicious use of "Kophkeo"—in the young men with their fierce mustaches—as pictured on the label.

Unconsciously, in his own mind he had divided the world into two sections. The Past ("before use"), a sickly, disagreeable-looking, uninteresting world. The Future ("after use"), a fat, jolly, God-bless-everybody sort of world; and this unfitted him as a guide to scenes of mediæval history.

He sent us each a bottle of the stuff to our hotel. It appeared that in the early part of our converse with him we had, unwittingly, clamored for it. Personally, I can neither praise it nor condemn it. A long series of disappointments has disheartened me; added to which a permanent atmosphere of paraffin, however faint, is apt to cause remark, especially in the case of a married man. Now I never try even the sample.

I gave my bottle to George. He asked for it to send to a man he knew in Leeds. I learned later that Harris had given him his bottle also, to send to the same man.

■

A suggestion of [illegible]is has clung to this tour since we left Prague. George has noticed it himself. He has attributed it to the prevalence of garlic in European cooking.

It was in Prague that Harris and I did a kind and friendly thing to George. We had noticed for some time past that George was getting too fond of Pilsner beer. This German beer is an insidious drink, especially in hot weather; but it does not do to imbibe too freely of it. It does not get into your head; but after a time it spoils your waist. I always say to myself on entering Germany:

"Now I shall drink no German beer. The white wine of the country with a little soda water; perhaps occasionally a glass of Ems or Potash. But beer, never—or at all events hardly ever."

It is a good and useful resolution, which I recommend to all travelers. I only wish I could keep to it myself.

George, although I urged him, refused to bind himself by any such hard and fast limit. He said that, in moderation, German beer was good.

"One glass in the morning," said George, "one in the evening, or even two. That can do no harm to any one."

■

Maybe he was right; it was his half-dozen glasses that troubled Harris and myself.

"We ought to do something to stop it," said Harris; "it is becoming serious."

"It's hereditary, so he has explained to me," I answered, "it seems his family have always been thirsty."

"There is mineral water," replied Harris, "which, I believe, with a little lemon squeezed into it, is practically harmless. What I am thinking about is his figure. He will lose all his natural elegance."

We talked the matter over and, Providence aiding us, we fixed upon a plan. For the ornamentation of the town a new statue had just been cast. I forget of whom it was a statue. I only remember that in the essentials it was the usual sort of street statue, representing the usual sort of gentleman, with the usual stiff neck, riding the usual sort of horse—the horse that always walks on its hind legs, keeping its front paws for beating time; but in detail it possessed individuality. Instead of the usual sword or bâton, the man was holding, stretched out in his hand, his own plumed hat; and the horse, instead of the usual waterfall for a tail, possessed a somewhat attenuated appendage that somehow appeared out of keeping with his ostentatious behavior. One felt that a horse with a tail like that would not have pranced so much.

■

It stood in a small square not far from the farther end of the Karlsbrucke, but it stood there only temporarily. Before deciding where to fix it, the town authorities had resolved, very sensibly, to judge by practical test where it would look best. Accordingly they had had made three rough copies of the statue, which, viewed from a little distance, produced all the effect that was necessary. One of these they had set up at the approach to the Franz Josefsbrucke, a second stood in the open space behind the theatre, and the third in the centre of the Wenzelsplatz.

WE WALKED HIM AROUND THAT STATUE FOUR TIMES AND SHOWED IT TO HIM FROM EVERY POSSIBLE POINT OF VIEW

"If George is not in the secret of this thing," said Harris, we were walking by ourselves for an hour, he having remained behind in the hotel to write a letter to his aunt—"if he has not observed these statues, then by their aid we will make a better and a thinner man of him and that this very evening."

So during dinner we sounded him judiciously, and, finding him ignorant of the matter, we took him out and led him by side streets to the place where stood the real statue. George was for looking at it and passing on, as is his way with statues, but we insisted on his pulling up and viewing the thing conscientiously. We walked him around that statue four times and showed it to him from every possible point of view. I think, on the whole, we rather bored him with the thing, but our object was to impress it upon him. We told him the history of the man that rode upon the horse, the name of the artist who had made the statue, how much it weighed, how much it measured. We worked that statue into his system. By the time we had done with him he knew more about that statue, for the time being, than he knew about anything else. We soaked him in that statue, and only let him go at last on the condition that he would come again with us in the morning, when we could all see it better: and for such purpose we saw to it that he made a note in his pocket-book of the place where the statue stood.

■

Then we accompanied him to his favorite beer hall and sat beside him telling him anecdotes of men who accustomed to German beer and drinking too much of it, had gone mad and developed homicidal mania, of men who had died young through drinking German beer; of lovers that German beer had been the means of parting forever from beautiful girls.

At ten o'clock we started to walk back to the hotel. It was a stormy-looking night, with heavy clouds drifting over a light moon. Harris said:

"We won't go back the same way we came, we'll walk back by the river. It is lovely in the moonlight."

Harris told a sad history as we walked, about a man he once knew who is now in a home for harmless imbeciles. He said he recalled the story because it was on just such another night as this that he was walking with that man the very last time he ever saw the poor fellow. They were strolling down the Thames Embankment, Harris said, and the man frightened him then by persisting that he saw the statue of the Duke of Wellington at the corner of Westminster Bridge, when as everybody knows it stands in Piccadilly.

■

It was at this exact instant that we came in sight of the first of these wooden copies. It occupied the centre of a small railed in square, a little above us on the opposite side of the way. George suddenly stood still and leaned against the wall of the quay.

"What's the matter?" I said, "feeling giddy?"

He said: "I do, a little. Let's rest here a moment."

He stood there with his eyes glued to the thing. He said, speaking huskily:

"Talking of statues, what always strikes me is how very much one statue is like another statue."

Harris said: "I cannot agree with you there; pictures, if you like. Some pictures are very like other pictures, but with a statue there is always something distinctive. Take that statue we saw early in the evening," continued Harris, "before we went into that concert hall. It represented a man sitting on a horse. In Prague you will see other statues of men on horses, but nothing at all like that one."

"Yes, they are," said George, "they are all alike. It's always the same horse, and it's always the same man. They are all exactly alike. It's idiotic nonsense to say they are not." He appeared to be angry with Harris.

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"What makes me think so?" retorted George, now turning upon me. "Why, look at that thing over there!"

I said: "What thing?"

"Why, that thing," said George; "look at it. There is the same horse with half a tail, standing on its hind legs; the same man without his hat; the same——"

Harris said: "You are talking now about the statue we saw in the Ringplatz."

"No, I'm not," replied George; "I'm talking about that statue over there."

"What statue?" said Harris.

George looked at Harris, but Harris is a man who might with care have been a fair amateur actor. His face merely expressed friendly sorrow, mingled with alarm. Next George turned his gaze on me. I endeavored so far as lay

within me, to copy Harris' expression, adding to it on my own account a touch of reproof

"Will you have a cab?" I said as kindly as I could to George; "I'll run and get one"

"What the deuce do I want with a cab?" he answered ungraciously. "Can't you fellows understand a joke? It's like being out with a couple of confounded old women," saying which he started off across the bridge, leaving us to follow

I am so glad that was only a joke of yours," said Harris, on our overtaking him "I knew a case of softening of the brain that began——"

"Oh, you're a silly ass!" said George, cutting him short; "you know everything" He was really most unpleasant in his manner

We took him around by the river side of the theatre. We told him it was the shortest way, and, as a matter of fact, it was. In the open space behind the theatre stood the second of these wooden apparitions. George looked at it and again stood still.

"What's the matter?" said Harris kindly "You are not ill, are you?"

"I don't believe this is the shortest way, said George

"I assure you it is," persisted Harris.

"Well, I'm going the other," said George, and he turned and went, we, as before, following him.

Along the Ferdinand Strasse Harris and I talked about private lunatic asylums, which, Harris said, were not well managed in England He said a friend of his, a patient in a lunatic asylum——

George said, interrupting:

"You appear to have a large number of friends in lunatic asylums." He said it in a most insulting tone, as though to imply that that is where one would look for the majority of Harris' friends. But Harris did not get angry; he merely replied quite mildly:

"Well, it really is extraordinary, when one comes to think of it, how many of them have gone that way sooner or later. I get quite nervous sometimes, now."

At the corner of the Wenzelsplatz, Harris, who was a few steps ahead of us, paused.

"It's a fine street, isn't it?" he said, sticking his hands in his pockets and gazing up it admiringly

George and I followed suit. Five hundred yards away from us, in its very centre, was the third of these ghostly statues. I think it was the best of the three, the most like, the most deceptive. It stood boldly outlined against the wild sky; the horse on its hind legs, with its curiously attenuated tail; the man, bareheaded, pointing with his plumed hat to the now entirely visible moon.

"I think, if you don't mind," said George—he spoke with almost a pathetic ring in his voice; his aggressiveness had completely fallen from him—"that I will have that cab, if there's one handy."

"I thought you were looking queer," said Harris kindly; "it's your head, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is," answered George.

"I have noticed it coming on," said Harris, "but I didn't like to say anything to you You fancy you see things, don't you?"

"No, no, it isn't that," replied George rather quickly; "I don't know what it is."

"I do," said Harris solemnly, "and I'll tell you. It's this German beer that you are drinking. I have known a case where a man——"

"Don't tell me about him just now," said George. "I daresay it's true, but somehow I don't feel I want to hear about him."

"You are not used to it," said Harris

"I shall give it up from to-night," said George. "I think you must be right; it doesn't seem to agree with me"

We took him home and saw him to bed. He was very gentle and quite grateful

One evening later, after a long day's ride followed by a most satisfactory dinner, we started him on a big cigar and, removing things from his reach, told him of this stratagem that for his good we had planned.

"How many copies of that statue did you say we saw?" asked George, after we had finished

"Three," replied Harris

"Only three?" said George. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," replied Harris. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," answered George.

But I don't think he quite believed Harris.

How the Boy Won: General McArthur's First Victory

By Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.

ENLIST him, Captain. Sure there is the making of a second Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott in the lad."

Big Harry Dunn, of our company, who made the remark, was known for his wit and keen sarcasm, and as he spoke a dozen soldiers who had seen the pale faced boy, long, lean and slim, as he walked by the side of the Captain, earnestly begging to go to the war in his company, laughed loudly at Private Dunn's outburst. I didn't laugh, probably because I had heard the boy's earnest appeal to the Captain, and also, probably, because I saw a tear on his cheek when the Captain said: "No, my boy; you are not old and strong enough for a soldier in [illegible].

Then you will not take me?"

"No; you would not last a month."

It was at this point that Harry Dunn made his sarcastic remark

The incident occurred when the Sixth—the blessed old Sixth—was making its last parade in Milwaukee before boarding the train for Washington, in July, 1861, the week after the disaster at Bull Run.

That schoolboy, a stripling under sixteen, undismayed by our Captain, slipped to the side of each company commander and besought him for a place in his ranks. The other nine replies were enough like the first to make the boy leave the station, crying. As he passed Company B, Captain Dill called to him with a word of encouragement, saying among other things, "You would better be a scholar than a soldier, anyway."

"I propose to be both, sir," was the quick reply

Other regiments that passed through the city that year imitated the Sixth in its lack of encouragement to the spindling schoolboy, and though he made many visits to the recruiting office, he was each time turned away as poor material for a soldier.

The great war had been in progress over a year when the boy and his father had a long talk about the lad's enlisting

"My son," said the Judge, "you are too young, and not strong enough, for a soldier Besides, I want you to get an education and adopt my profession, the law."

"Please do not refuse me," pleaded the boy "I must go. I have wanted to go so badly ever since the war began that I have made a failure in school, and I cannot fix my mind on studies while others are going to fight for the country. Lots of my friends are going in the Twenty-fourth, and some of them are no older nor stronger than I am. I wish you knew how my heart is set on becoming a soldier. I simply can't give up the idea."

"But suppose I refuse to give my consent? Would you try to run away and enlist, as you did last year?"

"Don't make me run away, father. Let [illegible] in the Twenty-fourth."

"Wait two or three days."

"Then may I go?"

"Wait."

"He is determined to go and I shall surrender," said the Judge to himself.

The next morning the Judge left for Madison, returning that night. He went out to see the Governor.

"Certainly, Judge," said Governor Salomon. "By the way, how old is your son?"

"Not yet seventeen."

"Rather young, but so were Alexander Hamilton and Napoleon when they received their first commission."

At the breakfast table the following morning the Judge handed a large envelope to his son.

Seeing his father's name on the envelope and that he was addressed as Adjutant, the boy enthusiastically exclaimed. "Now I know you will let me go, for as Adjutant you can look after me"

"But I am not to be Adjutant of the Twenty fourth, child; can't you see the 'Jr.' after the name?"

The boy's appetite was gone when it finally dawned upon him that his greatest desire was to be gratified—that he was to become a soldier. But his face soon sobered after reading the commission as First Lieutenant and Adjutant. He had only planned to be a private to begin with. He understood enough about military matters to know that the Adjutant of a regiment was an important officer.

"Well, I'll do my best; and if I fail, why, I can go in the ranks, and that is all I have wanted"

The next day he reported to the pompous Colonel as his Adjutant.

"You are too young, sir—far too young for so responsible a position. I shall ask the Governor to give me a *man* for Adjutant of this regiment—a qualified man, sir."

The pompous Colonel put a hot telegram over the wire an hour later, and in another hour the Governor returned his answer. It consisted of two words: "Try him."

Before night the boy took the oath and was a full-fledged Adjutant

"Oh, yes, I'll try him," said the Colonel, as he directed an orderly to request the [illegible]

When the youthful officer reported to his commander, the Colonel, with a frown and a voice harsher than usual, addressed him thus:

"Adjutant, this regiment will have a dress parade—its first—next Saturday evening. Get your uniform and be ready to officiate."

That was Tuesday—not much time in which to have a uniform made. But by much urging and an extra price the outfit was ready, and so were the sword and sash In the meantime the boy Adjutant burned more than midnight oil in looking up and studying the duties of his office. By Saturday morning he was sure of his footing in all respects save one. His voice—well, it was like all boys' voices at a certain stage—a good mute for that of the young rooster at its first crowing

The Twenty-fourth was formed for its initial dress parade Fifteen thousand people were present to witness the event. At the proper time the Adjutant stepped to the front and faced to the left. His "Attention, Battalion!" was heard about three companies down the line, and "Shoulder, arms!" no greater distance, but the companies which could not hear did as those which heard and brought their pieces to a shoulder. "Prepare to open ranks, to the rear, open order, march!" was squeakier than the others, but the Twenty-fourth got around to execute the order in its own chosen time and way. When the command "Front!" was given, and the stripling, with long strides, his sword more on his shoulder than at his side, had forged to the centre, made a bad half circle to the right and advanced toward the Colonel until it was time to stop and about face—in doing which he nearly tripped by tangling his legs with his scabbard—the officers and men of the regiment who were not too mad to do so were laughing After the First Sergeants had been called to the "Front and Centre," had reported and to their "Posts, marched," and the regiment was brought to a "Present," the poor fellow had to pass through another ordeal—to about face, salute the Colonel and report the parade formed, and then pass around that officer and take his place to his left and rear. While the Adjutant was making this movement the Colonel, with a contemptuous look, followed the boy, and was so noticeably disgusted that the whole regiment was aware of the fact.

That first dress parade was not by any means a success, and when it was dismissed the Colonel took pains to let his officers know that he was going to demand of the Governor the appointment of a grown man for Adjutant in place of that "white faced, chicken-voiced boy."

The Adjutant's heart was well nigh broken that night when he sought rest. Immediately after dress parade he had heard many of the officers make uncomplimentary remarks touching his chicken voice and awkward appearance. As if that was not enough, he strolled through the company streets after dark. In nearly every tent he heard the men talking about the Adjutant, and in nearly every tent there was one or more who tried to imitate his dress parade commands. From every street came such commands as these, in the most boyish voices possible: "First Sergeants to the front and

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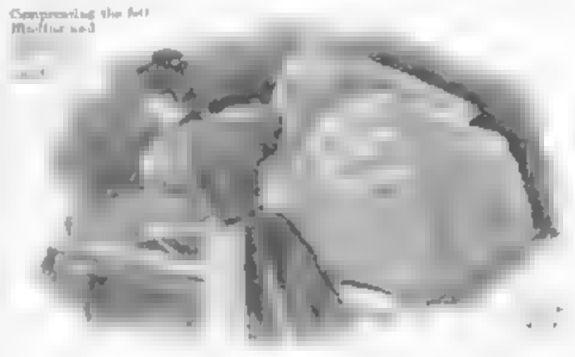

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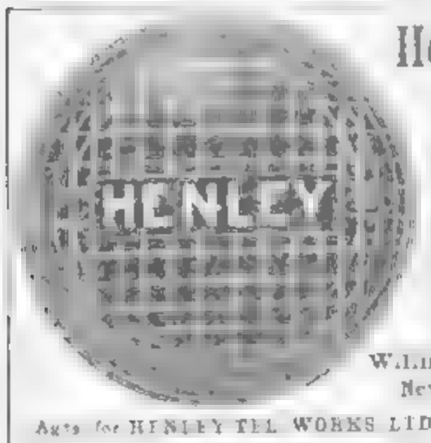

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centre, march!" "Present ... followed by cat-calls and remarks like ... "Who's got a baby Adjutant ... The Twenty fourth Milwaukee." ... Larrabee has bought a new milch cow ... "What for?" "For the nurse who will have charge of our Adjutant"

Kindly old Captain B., who knew of the Adjutant's efforts to get into the service, and was full of sympathy for him, saw him wandering through the streets with head bowed and sighs that told of mental distress, approached him and told him not to mind what he had seen and heard, but to go right on doing the very best he could, and in time those who made fun of him would praise and applaud instead

It is quite safe to say that no would be soldier ever had a harder struggle to enlist than the little Adjutant. I have endeavored to make plain a few of the obstacles he encountered and how heroically he tried to overcome them. I particularly want the reader to keep in mind the young fellow's many struggles to enlist, for they will look well with what follows

Picking up the flag, he sprang to the front of the line and shouted: "Now for their line of works, boys!"

The Twenty fourth had no more dress parades in Milwaukee. It was soon hurried to the front to assist in preventing General Braxton Bragg and his large army of Confederates from sweeping into Louisville and invading the North. Within two or three weeks the big regiment of poorly drilled men was marched headlong into the battle of Perryville, Kentucky. It was halted in a hollow. From the front came shell, shot and bullets which made terrible music for a new regiment. The officers could not tell how much of a force there was in their front, or how far away it was. The boy Adjutant heard the Colonel say he would give a horse to know just what was coming at his command. Without waiting for an order, the little fellow put spurs to his horse, and in a minute was on the brow of the hill, coolly taking in the situation and drawing a furious fire from the enemy he saw in large force rapidly advancing. Riding back to the Colonel, he reported and suggested that the Twenty-fourth quickly advance to the hill from whence he had come so as to have a chance to strike back, instead of remaining in that hollow to be cut to pieces, with little opportunity to harm the enemy. The suggestion was heeded, and the regiment had a prominent part in checking the Confederate advance. When the brigade commander thanked the Colonel that night for his command's good work, old Captain B. nudged the boy Adjutant and gently said: "I'll see that the General hears who it was that opened the way for the regiment to win praise. Keep on, my boy; you are on the up grade. The officers who sneered at you back in Wisconsin are already ashamed of themselves."

At Stone River, the last day of 1862 and the first day of 1863, the Adjutant proved to be a real hero, an inspiration to the men, and of great assistance to the officers of the Twenty fourth. No place of danger was too perilous for him to ride to. His bravery was so conspicuous that he attracted the attention of both brigade and division commanders. After that battle every soldier in the Twenty fourth was the boy Adjutant's sworn friend, admirer and defender.

At Missionary Ridge the color bearer of the Twenty-fourth fell. The Adjutant was bending over him in an instant. Picking up the flag, he sprang to the front of the line and shouted, "Now for their line of works, boys!" With a yell the Twenty-fourth made a new rush, but they couldn't outsprint the Adjutant, who was the first man on the works, and as he waved Old Glory a mighty shout went up on the right and left. Both officers and men hugged the boy Adjutant after the battle, and I do not blame them.

A few weeks after that famous battle the Twenty fourth was to have a new Major. The rank and file wanted their boy Adjutant, and so did many of the officers. Phil Sheridan, in whose division the Twenty-fourth had often fought, asked that the Adjutant be made Major, and it was done. The gold leaves of a Major look bold on the shoulders of the beardless boy just turned eighteen, but they were not misplaced. During most of the following year the young Major commanded the Twenty fourth, and none of Sherman's regiments did better work from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and surely none of General Thomas' regiments fought more heroically at Franklin and Nashville.

When the Twenty-fourth went back to Wisconsin, after the war, it was commanded by the youngest Colonel on either side of the great struggle.

Later, when the young Colonel, not yet a voter, was mustered out, he exchanged the eagles on his shoulders for the straps of a Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army, and ... long after that was a Captain. When the new war came he was a Lieutenant ... the staff, but in ... 1898, he went ... San Francisco w... to take command of a brigade on the way to the Philippines. It was his brigade that first scaled the walls of Manila the ... August. The succeeding week I read the name of the boy Adjutant of the long ago in the list of newly appointed Major Generals. Ever since then he has been conspicuous for his good service in subduing the insurgents. None has done better.

Now please recall the sarcastic ... Big Harry Dunn when the Sixth ... marching through Milwaukee, in July, 1861.

If Big Harry Dunn will come a little closer I will whisper in his ear something like this: "You were right, Harry; there *was* the making of a second Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott in that lad, in a few months he will be a Brigadier General in the Regular Army, and not so very long after that two Regular stars will shine on the shoulders of General Arthur MacArthur.

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An Acadian Coquette

By Charles G. D. Roberts

MADEMOISELLE DE LALANNE was in a gay mood that night. She was very happy, and might therefore have been expected to be kind. On the contrary, with a woman's title to the unexpected, she was filled for the moment with a kind of radiant malice. An impulse to be delicately cruel lurked behind the tender scarlet curve of her lips, and the wide innocence of her bewildering eyes hid very successfully a merciless desire to wound the two men who hung upon her words. From time to time, after a coquetry more audacious than usual, she would glance half repentantly at the closed door, as if looking for yet another visitor. Her mother, Madame de Lalanne, an elderly gentlewoman of Quebec who had declined into a rustic dullness after years of life among the good country folk of Acadie, dozed over her knitting beside the ample hearth.

Mademoiselle was dressed in a shortish skirt of the pattern worn by the country girls. The material, however, was not the coarse wool of the district, but a heavy homespun linen, bleached to the tint of cream. The bodice was of the same stuff, with sleeves turned back at the elbows to show arms that were slim almost to thinness, but milk white and bewitchingly moulded. Over her shoulders was thrown carelessly a shawl of fine lace, black, but no blacker than the silken hair above it. On her small, slim feet, one of which kept restlessly tapping the floor, she wore shoes of fine scarlet leather. These little shoes every girl in Acadie had heard of, and discussed with jealous admiration, but few, indeed, even of the Grand Pré maids, had seen them, for the De Lalannes, mindful of their past seigniorial pride, maintained much of their aloofness amid their changed fortunes.

Beautiful as was her face—broad browed, finely chiseled white with the warm whiteness of ivory, it was above all, her eyes that made Marie de Lalanne the wonder of all Acadie. When she turned their dark radiance upon her two cavaliers, both felt their hearts jump painfully and each burned with a fierce impulse to pitch the other from the nearest window.

This tempting window, low and broad, looked out across a snowy slope that sparkled under the full moon. At the foot of the slope, visible from Mademoiselle's chair, a close hedge of young fir trees hid the channel of the Gaspereau River. A sullen, grinding roar from the flood tide a-chafe among the ice cakes was heard in the quiet room whenever the light talk flagged. It flagged often, as moments of absent-mindedness crowded Mademoiselle's whimsical mood, but it never flagged for long, seeing that it was her pleasure to be gay that night. The white moonlight, too, came in through the window, and mixed curiously with the leaping red firelight and the pale yellow of the two candles that stood on the brick chimney piece, and added inextricable complications to the enigmatic lights that flamed softly from Mademoiselle's eyes.

The two young men upon whose passions she was playing so recklessly had come to Grand Pré village that same evening from opposite directions. Both had made all haste out over the hill to the old farmhouse by the Gaspereau. Captain Barras, journeying on snowshoes from the French fort at Chignecto, had arrived first, flushed with elation at finding Mademoiselle alone—for Madame de Lalanne was ever too sunk in old dreams to count as a personality. Scarcely had he bowed his *devoirs* over the little, restless white hand, which Mademoiselle was wont to use as mercilessly as her eyes, when there came from the hunting-fields behind La Hève the spare, sombre-suited, silent figure of Jean Michel Landry de Latour, the proud and impoverished descendant of the De Latours of Port Royal and St. John.

Now, on the coming of Captain Barras, Mademoiselle had not been over-gracious. She had been merely *ennuyée*. It was when De Latour arrived that the caprice of gayety had seized upon her. What were these unencouraged suitors for, indeed, if not to furnish amusement through the hour of waiting before her? On the instant she was all graciousness.

"I trust your absence from Grand Pré has not seemed as long to you as it has to us, Monsieur!" she murmured as De Latour kissed her finger-tips and shot a glance of dark disdain at Barras.

The Captain's mouth grew dry suddenly as he perceived in this changed demeanor of his hostess an explanation of the chill civility which had greeted his own arrival. But in the next moment those resistless eyes flashed upon him something that thrilled like a caress, and straightway, remembering all that he was and his rival was not—rich, handsome, and in high favor with the Governor at Quebec—he returned the newcomer's challenging glance with interest.

When Mademoiselle presented the two, De Latour's curt formality was a veiled declaration of war, while the elaborate courtesy of Barras was an exquisite insolence. And Mademoiselle was sinfully delighted.

The demeanor of the two men contrasted sharply. Barras, not long from the revels and lightness of Quebec, hung boldly on Mademoiselle's glances, and his vanity was facile game to her. He could not take his eyes from her face except to dart an occasional look of supercilious impatience at the intruder, who, as he now felt convinced, alone stood in the way of his conquest. De Latour, on the other hand, while ever seeking the glances which enthralled him, seemed ever unable to endure their light. Whenever he encountered them he would drop his own eyes—and quietly fearless eyes they were in the little customary matters of battle and peril—from the too-dazzling brilliancy of her face to the daintiness of her scarlet shoes. He seldom troubled to look at his rival; but his reserve managed somehow to express quite unmeasured depths of contempt. He spoke little, even to Mademoiselle, but that little always had point. The burden of the conversation was borne by Barras, who had a flow of glittering compliment at command. Mademoiselle de Lalanne had but to direct the game, now with deft turn of phrase, now with a smile, now with a swift look; and with such wicked nicety of skill did she direct it that within the half hour the air of that peaceful chamber seemed full of swords.

At this point, however, she kept things under curb, so that neither man dared in the least degree ruffle the shining surface of civility which she had spread between them. Madame de Lalanne sank so deep into her dreams that her knitting fell unheeded to the floor, and was seized upon by a gratified black kitten. One of the candles on the chimney-piece guttered spitefully and went out. The ghostly patch of moonlight moved across the floor till it touched and paled the scarlet of Mademoiselle's shoes. Then, on a sudden, just as she opened her lips for some sally more sweetly envenomed than any that had gone before, the faint sound of a footstep in another part of the house caught her ear. No one else heard it; but it was what she was waiting for. Her face softened and she sprang up.

"Excuse me, Messieurs," she said hastily. "I have forgotten something." And in a breath she was gone, closing the door behind her and leaving the two men to stand with blank faces staring after her.

So they stood for a moment, then turned to each other. De Latour spoke first.

"Your sojourn in Acadie is distasteful to me, Captain Barras!" said he coldly.

"I can quite imagine it, Monsieur," replied Barras, with the most courteous intonation. "Different, I suppose, from that to which you are accustomed!"

De Latour smiled grimly. Mere verbal repartee seemed to him little worth while when the retort of the sword was in question.

"Nevertheless," said he, "I could tolerate it for a short time under other conditions. Behind yonder fir trees there is a level space by the side of the water, where the moon shines clearly. I could meet you there with pleasure, so it be at once, Monsieur!"

Barras' bold eyes flashed. This was just what he wanted. Yet for the mere insolence of it he affected to hesitate.

"Your appearance is against you, Monsieur," he drawled; "but—yes, you are received by Mademoiselle de Lalanne, and therefore I may without dishonor cross swords with you. His Excellency would understand."

He went out brusquely, leaving De Latour to follow. But the iron face of the wood-ranger (for such he was) was untroubled by the insult. He felt only compassion for the ignorance of a Canadian who knew not the precedence of the De Latours.

The two strode in silence, side by side, down the crisply glittering slope, their distorted, black shadows dancing grotesquely

WITH INSTANT AND INSTINCTIVE OBEDIENCE BOTH MEN SPRANG BACK AND DROPPED THEIR POINTS; THEN, IN THE NEXT SECOND, BOTH TURNED INDIGNANTLY UPON THE INTRUDER

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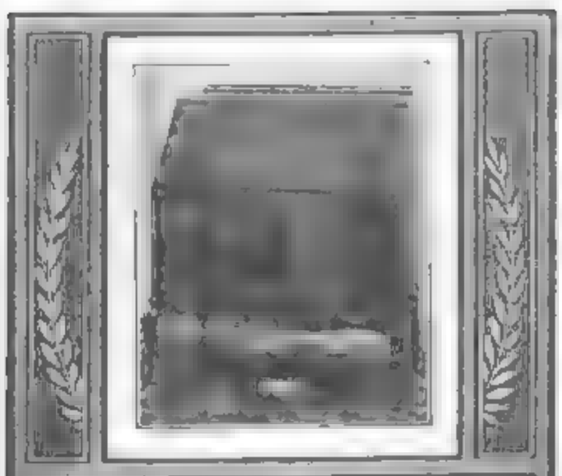

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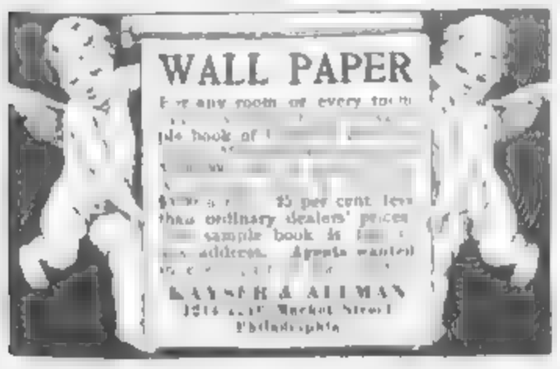

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behind them. When they were within about a hundred paces of the fir grove, Mademoiselle de Lalanne reentered the room which they had so hastily forsaken. Her face was now more softly radiant, and the laughing malice had died out of her eyes. Close at her skirts came a tall, fair haired, ruddy featured man, with "English" written large all over him. His eyes rested for a moment on Madame's slumbering form in her big chair, then swept the empty spaces quizzically

"Your fine birds have flown, sweetheart!" he exclaimed with a boyish laugh

Mademoiselle was at the window in time to note the direction of their flight. At a glance she understood the imminent results of her coquetry. Pale with sudden fear, she turned and clutched her companion's arm

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "they have gone away to fight. Quick! Quick! Stop them!"

The Englishman laughed again, but very softly so as not to wake Madame, and looked down into the girl's face. He was thinking of her eyes, of her lips, and he only half heard her words

■

"Stop what?" he asked, stooping with a swift movement to kiss her. But she sprang back angry and frightened

"Stop them, I say, Jack. They are going to fight, and perhaps they'll kill each other. And it's all my fault. I've been very wicked. Oh, I'll go myself!" And she darted out of the room

At this he awoke. He caught her before she was out of the house and checked her firmly

"It's an awkward thing, Sweet," said he, "to interfere between two indignant gentlemen who have a right to disagree in their own way. But if you say so, I'll do it. What shall I say to them? How is it your fault?"

"Oh, Stupid! Can't you see how wicked I've been? I've made them both think I cared for them; I've made them furiously jealous! I was so tired waiting for you to come! And now if they're killed I'll never speak to you again!"

Jack Moleby's face broke into a grin of delighted comprehension

"Wretch!" he retorted, "I go!" And he made off down the snow with long strides. Throwing a hooded cloak about her, and thrusting her feet, red shoes and all, into a pair of white, fur-lined moccasins, Mademoiselle sped after him

The winter air was crisp, clear, and with a fine, frosty sting in it. There was no wind whatever. There was no sound but the grinding of the tide among the ice cakes. The light was almost like full day in the little white glade where the two Frenchmen faced each other with swords at the salute. The next instant the sibilant whisper of the steel began, deadly in its soft reserve; and the easy superciliousness of the smile on Barras' lips changed to a look as stern as his adversary's as he felt the dangerous competence of the wrist opposed to him

■

The two fought in their vests, their coats lying upon the snow near by. In skill they appeared to be well matched, and De Latour, who had never before met any one at all his equal in fence, began to conceive an unwilling respect for the coxcomb Captain. In fact, he had just by the merest hair's breadth escaped a scratch when from the edge of the grove a voice of sharp authority rang out, "Halt!" and Captain Jack's tall figure appeared suddenly beside them.

With instant and instinctive obedience both men sprang back and dropped their points; then, in the next second, both turned indignantly upon the intruder

"Who are you, sir?" demanded De Latour curtly. "And by what right, if I may ask, do you interfere in our pastime?" inquired Barras

Captain Jack, who was more embarrassed than he would have cared to show, chose to answer the latter question

"By no right, gentlemen," he replied heartily; "and I beg to apologize in the fullest manner. I know, too, I owe you satisfaction for my abruptness, and of course I am quite ready to afford it to you both if you demand it. But I beg you rather to accept my apology"

"We can discuss that later on," said De Latour in tones of ice. "And meanwhile, Captain Barras, with your consent we will resume."

But before the blades could cross again the Englishman stepped forward sharply his own sword half drawn

"Really, gentlemen," he began in a voice of mastery, "I must insist that you stop fighting. No more of it, I say!" And his blood began to get hot. Then he remembered that he would certainly not be fulfilling Marie's wishes if he should himself kill one or perhaps both of these impetuous and infatuated Frenchmen; and the thought gave him pause. He considered the situation deuced awkward altogether

■

Both men faced him.

"This is astonishing, truly," exclaimed Barras, with a biting sneer. "I think we had better have an immediate explanation before we go on with our own affair."

But now Jack Moleby had an inspiration. He would try diplomacy. Replacing his sword, and relapsing into his customary large good-humor, he smiled genially upon the scowling faces

"You see, gentlemen, I hated to disturb you, but I had to do as I was commanded. Mademoiselle de Lalanne sent me with positive orders to stop the fight at any cost. In my stupidity I thought I might have to fight you both in order to obey her. But I should have known, as soon as I saw the courtly gentlemen you were, that my one effective weapon would be the expression of her wishes. She implores you, if her happiness is of any concern to you, that you will do each other no injury. She beseeches you to promise that you will put your quarrel, whatever it may be, forever by, without which promise she declares that she will live in ceaseless anxiety. I think, gentlemen, from my observation of her solicitude in this matter, that one or the other of you must be honored by a very distinguished place in her regard

■

Each, on hearing these sagacious words, conceived himself to be the one so honored. Into De Latour's cold eyes came a gleam of elation.

"Mademoiselle de Lalanne's wishes are a command, Monsieur," said he, sheathing his sword. "I need no apology from you for having obeyed them. Rather should I wish to hold you to account had you failed to fulfill them to the letter!"

"I thank you, Monsieur, with all my heart," replied Captain Jack, bowing and biting back a smile. "And you, Monsieur," he went on, turning to Barras, "have I grace from you also for my somewhat blundering zeal?"

Barras' face, no longer that of the fearless and inexorable swordsman, wore now a simper of pleased vanity. The coxcomb was back. "Mademoiselle's wishes are my law," said he, bowing elaborately, "and he who carries them out is my exemplar"

With another ceremony to De Latour he slipped his sword back into its place, as if to say, "Let there be peace between us."

At this moment Mademoiselle came tripping from the grove, the hood of her cloak half fallen back from her hair. She came up to the Englishman's side and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Upon the two swordsmen she turned a smile of subjugating sweetness

"With all my heart I thank you, gentlemen," she said, "for your gracious courtesy in yielding to my wishes. Let us go back to the house and I will ask you to take a glass of wine with me to the long continuance of friendship between two such gallant gentlemen as I well know you to be

■

Both men stood bowing, each with his hand [illegible] heart, and each boiling inwardly at sight of those small fingers on the Englishman's sleeve. There was a brief pause, during which Mademoiselle flushed faintly and her eyelids fluttered down. Then she went on steadily:

"And let me present to you, Captain Barras, and to you, Monsieur de Latour, my dear friend, Captain Moleby, of the English garrison at Halifax. It is my prayer, gentlemen, that when your flag and his are again at war, as is like to be soon, he may not find such swords as yours opposed to him [illegible] is my betrothed. I commend him to your kind good will."

The two Frenchmen met each other's eyes with a glance of mutual comprehension, murmured some inarticulate compliments, and hid their discomfiture in the final bitterness of permitting Captain Jack to help them into their coats

It was one of the triumphs of Captain Jack Moleby's career that he did not smile.

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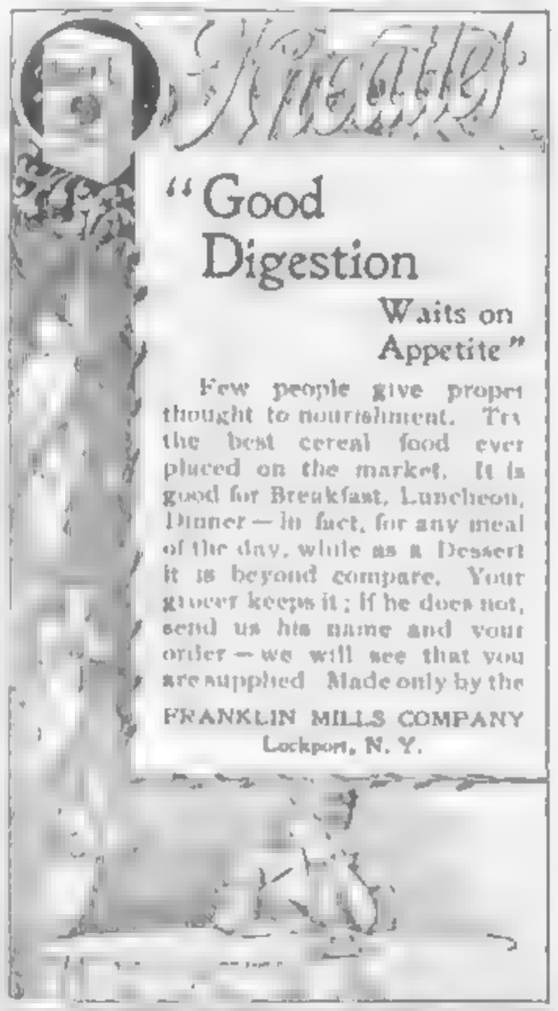

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How WE make Presidents

The Hayes and Garfield Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

THE Presidential contest of 1876 had many strange complications, most of which were not visible to the public. In my article on Blaine's Battle for the Presidency the details of the struggle at the Cincinnati convention that met June 15 are so fully given that they need not be again presented. It is enough to say that Blaine had a majority of the delegates in that body, that a majority of the whole convention voted for him at one time or another but never on the same ballot; and that his nomination was defeated by a very powerful and well handled combination of power that had its centre in the Grant Administration. By shrewd management the Blaine vote was kept divided until a landslide was made to Governor Hayes, with whom William A. Wheeler, of New York, was nominated for Vice President.

The Democratic National Convention of 1876 was the first to cross the Father of Waters. It was held in St. Louis on June 28, and resulted in the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden, of New York, for President, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice President. Tilden was the ablest political manager in the Democratic party of that day. He was tireless, methodical and sagacious, and he made his nomination over Hancock and Hendricks by early and complete organization of his friends in all the debatable States. He had won national reputation by his courage in bringing Tweed to justice, and he was regarded by the country generally as well equipped for the high duties of Chief Magistrate. The friends of Hendricks made a desperate battle for him, but they were outclassed in leadership, and it was a Tilden convention when the body convened, with very able men to hold it in subjection.

A DUEL AVERTED BY A DINNER

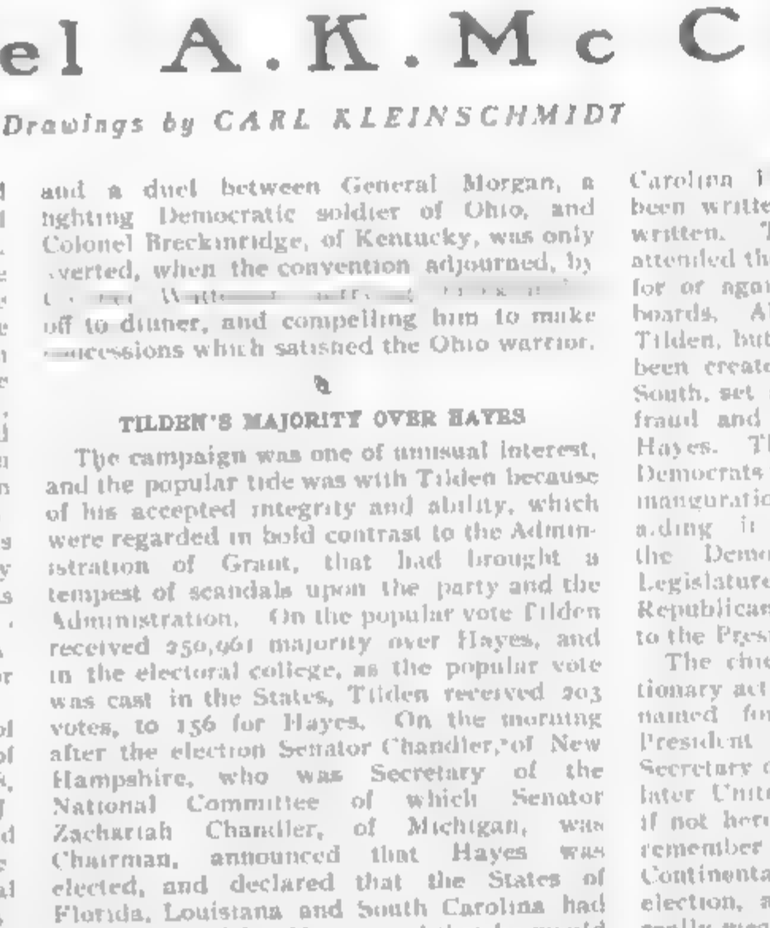
The Tilden forces required little leadership in St. Louis, as his nomination had been thoroughly accomplished before the convention met. Tilden exhausted his wonderful powers of organization in getting control of the delegations of doubtful States, and looked minutely to the men who should be chosen as delegates, and when the convention met there was no boisterous jostling between the opposing forces, as the majority was complete in its organization and moved with directness to the accomplishment of its purpose. William L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, who was twice elected to Congress in an overwhelmingly Republican district, was the accepted leader of the Tilden people. He was personally popular, self poised, sagacious and discreet, and all he had to do was to keep his solid lines unbroken.

The minority was dumbfounded at the development of the Tilden strength, but the Hendricks people, led by McDonald, of Indiana—afterward United States Senator—and most zealously and aggressively aided by the helpless Tammany minority in the New York delegation, fought heroically at every step; but with Scott to manage and Henry Watterson to inspire the Tilden people they maintained their mastery from start to finish and Tilden was declared the nominee. When the nomination was announced the convention presented a singular spectacle. The Tilden delegates were at once upon their feet cheering lustily and waving their handkerchiefs, and one after another of the minority delegations rose and joined in the huzzas for the declared candidate, but the Indiana delegates sat stubbornly in their seats. Later, when Hendricks was made the candidate for Vice President, they were compelled to rise and join in united cheers for the ticket.

Much bitterness was developed during the struggle between the opposing claimants, and a duel between General Morgan, a fighting Democratic soldier of Ohio, and Colonel Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was only averted, when the convention adjourned, by [illegible] off to dinner, and compelling him to make concessions which satisfied the Ohio warrior.

TILDEN'S MAJORITY OVER HAYES

The campaign was one of unusual interest, and the popular tide was with Tilden because of his accepted integrity and ability, which were regarded in bold contrast to the Administration of Grant, that had brought a tempest of scandals upon the party and the Administration. On the popular vote Tilden received 250,961 majority over Hayes, and in the electoral college, as the popular vote was cast in the States, Tilden received 203 votes, to 156 for Hayes. On the morning after the election Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who was Secretary of the National Committee of which Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, was Chairman, announced that Hayes was elected, and declared that the States of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina had honestly voted for Hayes, and that he would finally receive their electoral votes. With the whole machinery of the Government in the hands of the Republicans it was almost a hopeless battle for Tilden to fight for the disputed Southern States, but the Democratic people became violently aroused, and threats were freely made that the inauguration of



A duel was only averted by Colonel Watterson hurrying Breckinridge off to dinner

Hayes would be prevented by mob violence if attempted. So grave did the situation become that Congress finally passed an act, supported by a number of Democrats, appointing an Electoral Commission consisting of Senators, Representatives and members of the Supreme Court.

Judge David Davis was assigned by the Supreme Court to act on the commission, but he declined, and Judge Strong, of Pennsylvania, took his place. Had Davis remained on the commission Tilden would doubtless have been elected, as he lost the disputed States at every trial of strength in the commission by a vote of eight to seven. I have explained in the article on Blaine, and later in the article on the contest of 1868, how and why Tilden lost the battle and the highest honor of the Republic.

MEETING FRAUD WITH FRAUD

The true history of the struggle for the control of the electoral votes of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana has never been written, and now never can be fully written. The ablest men of both sides attended the contest in those States to battle for or against the action of the returning boards. All three States had voted for Tilden, but the returning boards, which had been created by the carpet-bag rule of the South, set aside the returns on the plea of fraud and certified the electoral vote for Hayes. The strength of the claim of the Democrats was practically admitted after the inauguration of Hayes by the President adding to the adjustments which gave the Democrats the Governors and the Legislatures of those States, and ousting the Republicans who had given the electoral vote to the President.

The chief factor in the bold and revolutionary action that returned the three States named for the Republican candidate for President was J. Donnld Cameron, then Secretary of War under President Grant, and later United States Senator. He is nothing if not heroic when occasion demands it. I remember calling upon him at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, after the election, and inquiring of him whether he really meant to force the reversal of the vote in those States and have Hayes returned as elected. He answered with perfect frankness that he had started in to do it, that he meant to do it, and that it was right to do it, as the Republicans had not opportunity to vote in the South, and the only way to meet such frauds was by the strong power of the Government.

But for the assurance that the Army and Navy would sustain the returning boards of those States in whatever they did under color of law, the reversal of the popular vote never could have been accomplished. The State of Florida was manipulated by Robert W. Mackey, who was the most accomplished politician the Republicans have ever produced in Pennsylvania. He was apparently dying of consumption for ten years, and when it became necessary to send some competent man to handle Florida he was [illegible] on his mission, and his racking cough and general consumptive features gave plausibility to the statement that he was going South to nurse his health. Two Democratic visiting committeemen were on the same train, both unknown to Mackey, and he overheard them mature their plans to hold the State for Tilden. He telegraphed to C. D. Brigham, who had been a prominent editor and Republican politician in Pittsburg, but who then resided in Florida, to meet him at the station, and before the Democrats attempted to carry out their plans they were completely blocked by Mackey, who could summon all the Federal officials to his aid.

HOW TILDEN'S INDECISION LOST THE BATTLE

Governor Curtin and Senator Sherman met face to face at New Orleans in the struggle to win the electoral vote of Louisiana, and at one stage of the battle Tilden could have secured the vote by telegraphing a single word to Curtin, but Tilden seemed to have lost his cunning, and hesitation was exhibited by him at every stage of the conflict when the promptest action was indispensable. I visited him at his home in Gramercy Park when the contest was on at white heat, and was amazed to find his table covered with legal briefs, as though his election depended upon the law that would govern before a competent and impartial judicial tribunal. He permitted himself and his friends to become involved in a compromising way in the Oregon dispute for a single elector, and had the same

Editor's Note.—This is the fourth paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series began in the Post of January 6. Each article is complete in itself.

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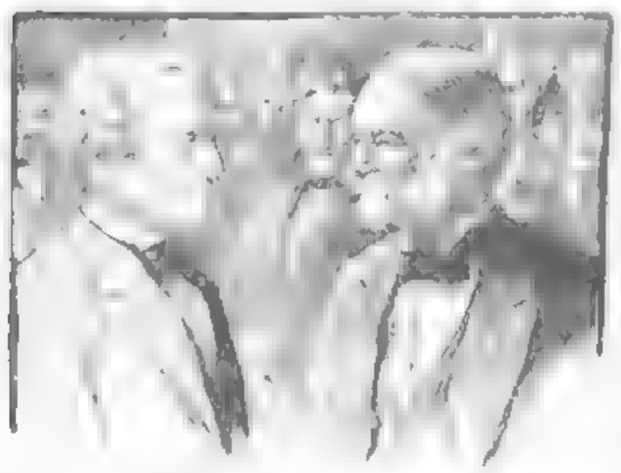
method been adopted in Louisiana he would have won. Instead of discussing the situation as it was, he presented to me elaborate arguments to show how it should be, and I could not refrain from reminding him that he was not dealing with judicial tribunals and that he must either meet his opponents on their own ground and with their own weapons or he must fall in the fight. He seemed to be utterly bewildered, and the man who had organized his nomination and election with consummate skill shriveled up into pitiable indecision and inaction when



Governor Curtin and Senator Sherman met face to face at N[illegible]

he had the power to cast the die for or against himself

The severe strain upon the popular sentiment of the country that had given Tilden 250,000 majority for President was greatly tempered, especially in the South, by a very shrewd movement planned early in the after election contest to conciliate the leading people of the South. They received positive assurances from men very close to Hayes and who gave the assurance of Hayes' approval of the movement, that if Hayes should be inaugurated President without violence the State governments of Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina would be given to the Democrats. That Hayes approved of the plan is evidenced by the fact that after he became President he stood resolutely by the promise made by his friends to give the Democrats control of the governments of those States

THE BATTLE IN FLORIDA AND LOUISIANA

There was no serious friction in Florida, the Democratic candidate for Governor was allowed to be inaugurated on a returned majority of 195 as given by the Supreme Court. In South Carolina the face of the returns gave Wade Hampton 1134 majority for Governor, with about a like majority for the Democratic Presidential electors, but the returning board threw out Democratic counties and returned Chamberlain, Republican, as elected Governor by a majority of 3443, and gave the Republican electors majorities ranging from 600 to 900.

Two Legislatures were organized and two claimants for the Governorship were qualified, but after a long siege, in which the friends of Hampton were with difficulty restrained from taking violent possession of the capitol, the Republicans gave up the contest, as they discovered that President Hayes would not support them, and Hampton and his associate Democratic candidates and a Democratic Legislature were accepted

The great battle was made in Louisiana, where the returning board gave Hayes the State by a majority of 4807, and declared the Republican electors chosen by about the same majority The face of the returns gave a majority of 7876 for Tilden and 8101 for Nichols, Democratic candidate for Governor. There, as in South Carolina, two Governors were qualified and two Legislatures organized, and Stephen B. Packard, who had been counted in as Republican Governor, and had been instrumental in giving the electoral vote to Hayes, and hence in electing him, demanded that the President should sustain him, logically insisting that if Hayes was elected Packard was elected, and that if Hayes must go out Hayes must go out with him

The faith of the President and his friends were pledged to the people of property in Louisiana that they should have their own State government, but it was a most difficult obligation to discharge. Finally, the President appointed a committee, two of whom were Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, and ex Attorney General Wayne MacVeagh, of Washington, to go to New Orleans and solve the problem in some way to give the State government to Nichols and the Democrats. The first necessity was to withdraw enough Senators and Representatives from the Packard Legislature to the Nichols Legislature to give the latter a quorum of undisputed legislators in both houses, as that would leave Packard without a Legislature and clothe Nichols' government with the ceremony of law

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY BARGAIN

Many of the Packard legislators were negroes, and most of them commercial. The change could be effected only by purchase, in which the Hawley and MacVeagh committee had no part. There were enough and to spare of Packard legislators who were willing to sell out, but the Democrats were impoverished and could not raise money to buy them

In this emergency the Louisiana Lottery Company came forward and proposed to furnish the citizens of New Orleans, who were managing the movement, all the money they needed on condition that when the Democrats came into power and amended the constitution they should give the Louisiana Lottery a twenty five-year charter in the constitution. It was a hard bargain, but as they could do no better they accepted the proffer, and a very large sum of money was thus furnished and paid to the negroes and carpet bag legislators, who were very glad to get [illegible] pockets knowing that the end of [illegible] was not in sight. Packard took [illegible] and [illegible] Democrats took [illegible] and [illegible] Representatives. His administration thus ended, and the promise of the friends of Hayes, which

Concluded on Page 784

He met his friends in even a more [illegible] way than was his custom

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The Fitting of the Peats

By S. R. Crockett

AUTHOR OF THE STICKIT MINISTER, THE RAIDERS, THE LILAC SUNBONNET, THE GREY MAN, THE RED AXE, ETC., ETC.

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Part IV—Thirteenth Chapter

IT WAS late afternoon upon Millwharchar Muir. The sun began to cast long, slanting shadows thwartwise across the ruddy purple and golden brown. The moss-hags acquired threatening eyebrows as their overhanging summits shut off the sunshine from their gloomy deeps

Seven times had Bell remarked that it was time to be going homeward lest one of her brothers—or perhaps Will Begbie—might take it into his head to come that way

Besides, the peats were fitted—as many as two rows of stooks—work for half an hour at least. But then, Bell had had to wait till the casting was dry enough. Other things also had interfered. At last, however, after an eighth declaration, she rose determinedly to her feet. This time there must be no dallying. She must be going. No, she would not sit down again and think it over. It was time, and high time, too. And he ought to know better than to ask her, considering the danger to them both; what would she do if anything happened to him?

Well, just a minute, then There! Was he satisfied now?

So, in the quiet, peaceful-seeming evening these two walked slowly toward the little copse which erected its crest of birch and fir over the edge of the moor. They went hand in hand, and discussed the flight to Isle Rathan. Adam was to arrange through a faithful retainer that Gideon Lamb outed clergyman and good Jacobite, was to be in readiness. Mistress Patrick Heron (erstwhile May Maxwell) was to be warned. Bell's heart throbbed at the thought of meeting her, reassured, however, by the news that she had been a farmer's daughter

Now, little love," said Adam, "we must say good night. Good angels keep you—till to-morrow, love, till to-morrow! And then, on the third day—why, then there will begin to be no more to-morrows forever and ever!"

Good night, Adam

"Why do you not say Charles Francis?" he said, smiling

"I like Adam now. You are my Adam

"Good night, little Eve!"

❧

"In the King's name, stand!"

The voice rang out like a trumpet, imperious and commanding yet with a certain amount of the weakness of self-conscious youth in it

Adam Home lifted his head and confronted a score of dismounted King's troopers. An officer was at their head, with his sword drawn in his hand. Their carbines were at the ready, and the black muzzles approached within a dozen yards of his breast

Very haughtily Adam Home, another Adam Home from him who had spoken these last words to his love, looked at his captors, his head high and his eyes straight and unabashed. He did not take his arm from about his sweetheart's waist under the gaze of so many men, but rather, as it seemed, kept it there with a kind of ostentation.

❧

So they stood, the red tunics of the dragoons almost black against the sunset, the last rays glinting on sword blade and gun barrel and looking fair into the dark and angry face of Adam Home and the wild eyes of Bell, the plighted wife of the man whose life was forfeit

Behind the troop stood Will Begbie, despair and remorse already tugging at his heart-strings. But it was too late

"Kilpatrick—you!" cried the young officer of dragoons in sheer and unfeigned astonishment

"Ah, Harry!" was all that Adam Home replied

DRAWN BY HARRY C. EDWARDS

"IN THE KING'S NAME, STAND!"

There was a pause. The young ensign sheathed his sword with a sharp click, but his men remained fixed with their muskets pointed at the rebel

"Cousin Adam," said the lad, his face coloring, "this is a deucedly awkward business for me. I declare I must take you prisoner!"

Adam Home smiled, and, removing his arm from his sweetheart's waist, took her hand instead. He could feel that her bosom was heaving tumultuously, the storm not far off He resolved it should not break if he could help it

"Certainly, lad," he cried cheerfully; "I am your prisoner. But I am this lady's prisoner first. I present you to my wife!"

Your wife?" repeated the officer, obviously mystified

"Yes, my wife, or almost," said Adam Home. "His Highness the Elector of Hanover permitting, we are to be married the day after to-morrow at the house of Mr Patrick Heron, of Isle Rathan, Justice of the Peace in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright."

"That's worse still, Adam," said the lad, "for there's a warrant out for your arrest on a charge of high treason. And Uncle Harry is in Cairn Edward to meet with my Lord Galloway."

"Content, my boy," said Adam Home calmly; "it will be quite a family gathering' All I ask is that you march your men around by Millwharchar, which your guide (he looked at Will Begbie with a dry smile) doubtless pointed out to you in the valley as you came up. I would desire your leave to place in safety this lady who is so dear to me."

"Of course I will," cried the boy, brightening; "it is a shift most damnable that I am in. Pity me, Adam, and tell me what you would do if you were in my shoes."

❧

"Why," said Adam Home, "do what you must do—your duty. Besides, you are my uncle's favorite and next heir, and when they stick my head on Tower Hill it will all be for the best"

The poor boy's distress was evident, but in another direction. Adam Home had gone too far. At the image which his light words called up but too easily in her heart Bell clasped his hands

"Oh, Adam," cried she, "I have brought you to this! Wicked girl that I am—I am the cause of your death! You will hate me You will curse the day you saw me. You must. I will not love you if you do not"

She turned upon the officer

"Oh, good sir, I know you are kind. Do, I pray you, release him. I beg you from my heart to let him go. Indeed he was not plotting nor doing any harm to the King. He only came to see me. All the way from France he came. And I love him. And I hate you, Will Begbie. Yes, I hate you; I could kill you—crush you like a serpent under my foot! I know why he has done this, gentlemen; it is because I would not marry him Ugh—the wretch! I always knew what he was. It always made me feel as if a toad hopped into my hand every time he shook it. And now he has wickedly betrayed my love—my life. But you will let him go, good gentleman. Sir Captain, I will do anything you ask. I will be indebted to you all my life. Do take me to prison in his place. I alone am the guilty one, if there is any harm. He came all the way only to see me. Would not you have done the same?"

"Indeed that I would!" cried the boy eagerly.

Editor's Note—The Fitting of the Peats began in the Post of February 3.

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If you had been my sweetheart, I mean."

"Whether or no!" cried the boy with enthusiasm. He had never seen so pretty a girl, he thought.

"Then you will let him go?"

The lad clasped his hands in despair as she smiled hopefully into his face. But Adam answered for him, tenderly caressing Bell's hand with his right, all the while keeping it firm in his left.

"He cannot, dearest heart," he said; "he has his duty to perform. He is an officer of King George. I would do the same in his place. Indeed, he cannot let me go. My uncle could—but he will not." He added the last sentence in an undertone

■

"But they will kill you. I am sure I shall never see you again. And—the day after to-morrow was so near!"

At the sound of her sobs the lad bowed his head in a burst of boyish sorrow.

"This is hard, Adam," he moaned "Heavens and earth, I declare if you say the word you can run for it when my troop is at the farmhouse. I will not let them fire. They can only break me. They won't shoot me. My Uncle Henry would not let them do that, much as he hates you. *And I haven't got any sweetheart!*"

"My boy," said Adam Home gently, "I would not think of it for a moment. They will not hang me—at least, I do not think so. They are all for conciliation now. They say that the Prince has been in London, and that the Government knew of it."

"Do not be too sure. My uncle is very angry with you for rebelling. He never had any favor for you. And now he swears that you nearly loaded him with the King

"And then, after all, he would have my estates if I were to hang, while the King would get them if they were only confiscated," said Adam in a whisper. "But cheer up, boy, and let us keep up this lady's spirits

They were come by this time to the little green loaning which leads through an orchard of crabapple and gooseberries to the house of Millwharchar

Bell had walked quietly the last part of the way, holding her lover's hand while he talked with his cousin. She dried her eyes and listened. There seemed to be some hope. His uncle, they said, was a great man in whose hand were the powers of life and death.

Surely he would not order to the scaffold his own nephew—just for coming home to see one who loved him

"Say 'good by' to me here, little one," said Adam at the gate gently; "I will soon be back to you. And though the day after to-morrow cannot bring me all the happiness I had hoped, yet to-night I shall sleep happier than ever before, knowing that you love me Be not afraid. We must put the other off a little—but, please God, only for a little. God bless you, Bell. Be mindful of me—a worthless fellow enough, but one who loves you."

"Good-night, then—and not 'good-by,' Adam," said Bell, brightly holding up her face to be kissed, unashamed before them all.

And so, with a wave of his hand and a look out of his eyes for her alone, Bell's lover marched off to prison smiling and debonair as ever—though the road he went might be even to the scaffold

■

Bell stood on the doorstep and watched them go. Then, in a moment, her mood changed from resignation to alertness.

"John," she cried, "saddle me Brown Bess. And be quick. Don't ask why. You will know in good time. I will answer to my father when he comes home. Do as I bid."

And as John obediently departed stableward his imperious sister ran upstairs to her own little room to array herself in her daintiest dress, her whitest and fleecetest lace, her smartest shoes, and to don the pretty low-sitting hat over her sunny curls, which, when duly settled in its place, made her the most ravishing vision man could look upon. After that she stole into her brother's room, and, securing a rowel spur, fitted it carefully upon the heel of her shoe

By the time she was finished and had dabbed her eyes free of all traces of tears, Brown Bess was at the door. And once more as Bell mounted John besought her to tell him whither she was going

"To Cairn Edward," she cried, as she sent the rowels home with absolute disregard for Brown Bess' feelings, and started at a tearing gallop down the brae

At the loaning foot, where she had looked her last upon the man she loved, the man who only loved her stood full in her path

"Bell, listen to me; Bell!" he cried. "Do not go till I have had speech with you. I could not help it! He but played with you, while I have loved you all my life."

He spoke piteously, wildly, with a hoarse bark of despair in his voice. But he spoke in vain. Bell was of that nature which can forgive all things that do not touch the beloved But the she wolf guards not her young with fiercer tooth. She had found her love. Now she would fight for him. Rich or poor, peer of the realm or condemned traitor, Bell Maclurg cared no jot. He was hers. He was her all. What mattered a lifetime's devotion in any other?

"Out of my way, treacherous hound!" she cried, and as he tried in desperation to seize her bridle rein she pulled Brown Bess sharply around and sent in the spur a second time. Even then Will Begbie stood his ground, but the pretty vixen on horseback cut him sharply across the cheek with her whip

"That is all I have for traitors!" she cried as she passed him. She meant one who was a traitor to her love—King George or King James she cared nothing for. Why should she? She had but one king, and even now they were taking him to his death.

Will Begbie fell back with a red line across his face and his heart broken, while Bell swept down the Cairn Edward road in a tumult of angry exultation

"This for a lifetime's devotion!" he said, with his hand touching his stinging cheek

"That for betraying my love to his enemies!" she said, and inconsistently bestowing a little of the same upon Brown Bess, who at least was wholly innocent.

For love is a fire that eats up all, and there is no fuel that it burns faster than bygone kindnesses which are awkward to remember

■

A grave faced man of middle age sat writing in the best parlor of Mistress Douglas' changehouse in the town of Cairn Edward. He had laid aside his wig for greater ease, and now sat occasionally rubbing his cropped poll of badger gray with one hand, while he made the other to travel rapidly over the blue official sheets of foolscap which a secretary had placed on the table before him

Occasionally he took snuff from a golden box with the royal arms on the lid, and then again he would look out of the low window before which a crowd of loafers was assembled. They were trying to get a glimpse of the man of quality within, who had come with so great a retinue to meet My Lord Galloway. It was even reported that he was one of the Royal Princes traveling in disguise

■

Suddenly there was a noise in the passage. The clear, determined demand of a feminine voice predominated. Then came the lower tones of a man refusing some request. Both of these were iterated and reiterated, growing every moment more insistent, till with a gesture of annoyance the man at the table went to the door and flung it wide open.

"What is this unseemly brawl?" he cried in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed.

At sight of him his secretary and the valet who had been barring the way fell back, and between them their master found himself gazing at one of the loveliest maidens it had ever been his lot to behold. She was dressed in a short-plaited kirtle, over which was a silken overskirt prettily draped to show a tiny foot and the turn of a handsome ankle.

The girl's color was vivid, her eyes at once brimful of tears and brilliant with indignation

"A girl of spirit," thought Mr. Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury of King George II, and at present, in that august Monarch's absence abroad, Lord Justice of the Three Kingdoms as well.

■

As soon as Bell saw her way plain before her she ran to Pelham and clasped his arms as if for protection

"I knew I would see him. I knew he would listen to me!" she cried triumphantly. "My Lord, will you protect me from these—domestics? They would not let me see you! You will not permit them to drag me away. They would not dare, when you are by!"

"No, no," said My Lord Justice; "come in, madam, and tell me what it is you wish with me."

Mr. Henry Pelham was embarrassed at being taken without his wig, in which, like the locks of Samson, abode much of the formal dignity of his age

"Place a chair for the young lady, Benson," he commanded, and as the valet obsequiously did so and Bell followed him,

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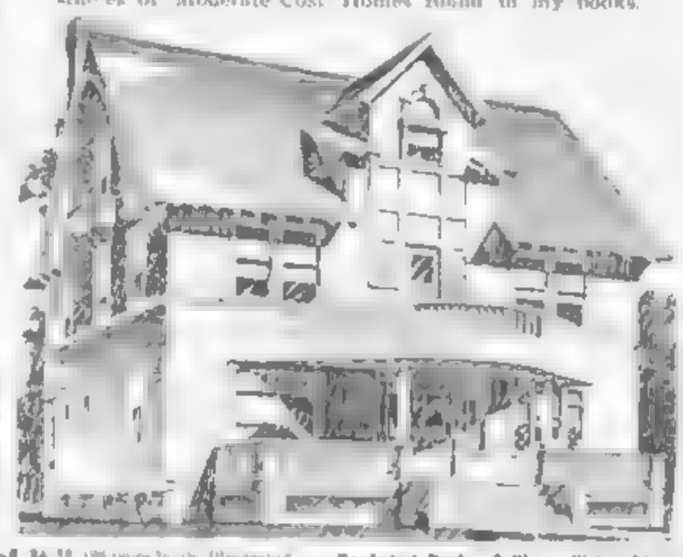

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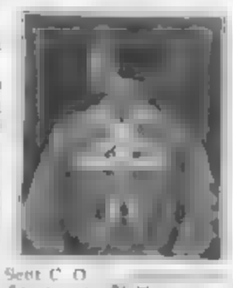

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with her eyes on the floor, My Lord Justice endued himself swiftly with his wig, and then, standing in a dignified attitude by the mantelpiece, looked at the vision of loveliness which had so suddenly burst in upon his seclusion

"You need not wait," said Mr Pelham gravely to his servant, Benson. The door closed instantly, and he turned toward his visitor. She had arisen also to her feet, and after regarding him a moment with troubled countenance, all suddenly she took two or three swift steps and fell on her knees before him At the same time her hat slipped over backward and hung upon her shoulders by its riband

The First Lord of His Majesty's Treasury stood aghast. His very wig trembled with amazement in every hair

"Oh, will you forgive your nephew?" she cried. "He has been a rebel, I know, and he should not have come from France—but I made him. I am a wicked, wicked girl

This is what these three say

(though you might not think it to look at me). But he loved me, and he had not seen me for so long! And so would you have returned if you had loved me as he did You know you would. For you are just like him; your eyes are the same. So you won't hang him. I rode at a gallop all the way to tell you first before any one else—and, oh, you won't let them put him in prison, or kill him. Indeed, he only came to see me——"

Tears were running fast down her face by this time, and every sentence was punctuated with her sobs. She had taken possession of Mr. Pelham's hand, and now held it fast in both of hers.

"What—what," quoth My Lord Justice stammering in sheer amazement, "what is this? I do not understand. What nephew of mine? My nephew Harry is an officer in the King's Army, and at this moment has gone out to capture a lurking rebel of Lord Dalmarnock's forces who has returned at the peril of his life to this countryside.'

"That is he—that is he!" cried Bell, loosening her grasp and holding up her hands clasped before him in the attitude of the sweetest and most pathetic supplication. "The rebel he went to take was your nephew, Adam Home. And he found him on the moor—with me. I was teaching him to fit peats. And he never plotted any against King George, or anybody He never so much as mentioned his name."

"Adam Home—my nephew? You mean Lord Kilpatrick. That is the only rebel nephew I have," said Mr. Pelham. "He is in France—in, let me see, Avignon, with the Young Pretender; that was the last news we had of him."

Bell passed this declaration of her lover's quality without a heart-beat She was hard on the track of something [illegible]

But it is the same," she said, repossessing herself of the great man's hand. He came straight from Avignon to see me. And we were to be married on Thursday and then go away again. Do let us go, and we will never trouble you or the King again."

"Ha—ahem!" said My Lord Justice; "this is grave indeed. My nephew, Adam, a proscribed rebel and companion of the Young Pretender, in Scotland, and being brought [illegible]

Yes, but in your custody, and your kind nephew's. Nobody else will be the wiser. And he is so *sorry* for rebelling, and he would never do it any more. I will see to it myself that he does not'

"Rise, my good girl!" said Mr. Henry Pelham, thinking how awkward it would be if My Lord Galloway should happen to come in at that moment. "Allow me to assist——'

"No! I will not rise from my knees till you have promised me his life. You will not let them hang him. Send him away anywhere—only let me go with him. He will get into no more mischief then, I warrant you!"

"There! There! We will see what can be done said Mr Pelham, touching Bell's curls and finding pleasure in the task

"But promise! I will kiss your foot if you will only promise!" Bell spoke vehemently now

"That is not necessary. Indeed, not my foot on any account when you are about it Your hand! No, they shall not hang Adam for a traitor. I promise you they shall not. Gad, I did not think that the dog had the spirit in him to make a girl like this so much in love with him"

Bell was now on her feet and stood before My Lord Pelham, looking down and twisting her slender fingers.

'I wish any one so pretty loved *me* half as much!" said My Lord Justice, taking snuff He was rather pleased with himself now that he had passed his word

"You are very like your nephew. The same figure of a man—only a little more mature!" said the sly minx, looking with a certain admiration at the portly figure of the First Lord

Ahem!" ejaculated Mr Pelham, brushing down his lace ruffles daintily. "Gad, it is true That young rascal's mother, my poor sister, always said so. Well, well, you shall have your lover, though I am not at all sure that he deserves you"

Then he looked again at her under his shaggy brows.

'But, pray, who may you be, young lady, who have thus captured and tamed so shy a bird as Adam Home?"

"I am called Bell MacLurg. My father is a laird in this county of Galloway. But I have no money of my own. So we shall be very poor, unless"—she went close up to him, and laid her hand on the sleeve of his coat, caressing it softly as if she had been accustomed to do it all her life—"unless you think there is any chance of Adam getting back some of his property. Do you think there is, uncle?"

The stern features of the First Lord relaxed into something approaching geniality. "You would make a fool of me between you. I warrant Adam put you up to all this"

"Oh, no, he did not," asserted Bell hurriedly; "he does not know I am here. He

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will be very angry. But I can soon make it up with *him*. Now, can he have his estates back, or some of them?"

She faltered a little, and showed symptoms of relapsing again into tears. My Lord, alarmed and thinking of My Lord Galloway, approached her side.

"Do not cry, like a good girl. And we shall see—we shall see. But," he hesitated, "the King had as good as promised them in reversion to me. And indeed I do not see what I am to get out of all this if I give back the estates."

■

He took his petitioner by the soft, rounded chin and turned up her face. He saw two blue eyes looking into his through a mist of unshed tears.

"I am an old fool, I know," he growled, "to let myself be cozened by a brat like you out of something like ten thousand a year."

Bell clapped her hands joyously.

"Can he have them, then? Will you promise? If you do—I—I will give you a kiss. I never gave a man a kiss before."

"What! not Adam?"

"No, not Adam!"

She forgot to say that he had taken one or two.

"By Gad, it is tempting—I will! It makes a man young again! But it must be with all the forms. No dab on the nose for Harry Pelham!"

"Besides," said Bell, casting down her eyes and hesitating.

"Besides what, you baggage?" cried My Lord, looking admiringly at her.

Bell hesitated a moment, and then, warned by a noise on the street, said quickly, with a dangerous upward glance at the First Lord of the Treasury, "besides, you will like having me for a niece. Even at Court it is permitted to kiss one's *uncle!*"

The door of Mistress Douglas' best parlor was suddenly opened. Without were My Lord Galloway, Lord Lieutenant of the County, with Ensign Henry Pelham, of His Majesty's Fifth Dragoons, and between them, a prisoner, stood Adam Charles Francis Home, eighth Lord Kilpatrick.

■

This is what these three saw.

Henry Pelham, Lord Justice and Prime Minister of the Realm, was bending from the heights of an austere dignity to lay on the smiling lips of beauty a chaste salute—nay, as it seemed, to repeat one that had already been offered upon the same altar.

"Ha!" cried My Lord of Galloway. "Ha, Pelham; fairly handed this time, Pelham, my boy!"

"Uncle!" said Ensign Pelham, aghast.

"Bell!" cried Adam Home, yet more aghast.

"Gad, Pelham, I must have a Garter at least for holding my tongue about this. It is too good to keep from the coffee houses! Horace will crack fifty jests on this!" laughed jovial Galloway.

"I did not know that the old fellow went in for this!" murmured his nephew, who had been lectured about his behavior at the last Assembly Ball.

Adam Home said nothing more, but kept his eyes on Bell, who stood with her hands clasped demurely about his uncle's arm, looking down and blushing becomingly, yet with a pretty air of proprietorship very clearly marked indeed.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Pelham, at last recovering himself. "You mistake. You do not know this very remarkable young lady. Not even you, Adam, you rascal, can lay claim to knowing her. This is—what is your first name again, my dear?—this is my niece, the Lady Bell, eighth Viscountess Kilpatrick. And if any man of you has a word to say to it, or any quarrel with the innocent kinsmanly privilege of which you have been witness, damme, let him step out into Mistess Douglas' inn-yard, where Harry Pelham's sword is very much at his service!"

■

And the old gentleman stood patting the little hand of his companion, all the while frowning and browbeating his three interrupters, throwing out his chest and nodding with his head till his bushy eyebrows became as threatening as those of Majesty itself.

"And now, Adam, you dog, come here!" he cried. "This is the young lady who saved not only your life, but your lands. One was forfeit to the King's laws; the other to my breeches' pocket. I have given both into this young lady's hand. You must beg them from her. You do not deserve either. You have behaved abominably to the best of uncles, sir, and to [illegible] most paternal of Sovereigns. But we will say nothing more about that, if—ahem—if you gentlemen will give me your word of honor to say nothing about the—ah—little ceremony it was your good fortune to witness. Galloway will not, I warrant. I know a thing or two too many about him. Harry, by the Lord, I'll break you if you peach! And as for you, Adam Home, you will have job enough on your hands to keep this young lady out of mischief."

"Mischief!" said Bell innocently, lifting her eyes for the first time from the floor.

"Yes, madam, mischief!" frowned Mr. Pelham; "I repeat it—mischief. Making a fool of men who ought to know better—men more than thrice your age! Adam, your rebelling days are over, my lad. Willy-nilly, you must join the Government. I hear that you are to be married on Thursday! Well, all I can say is—*God help you!*"

■

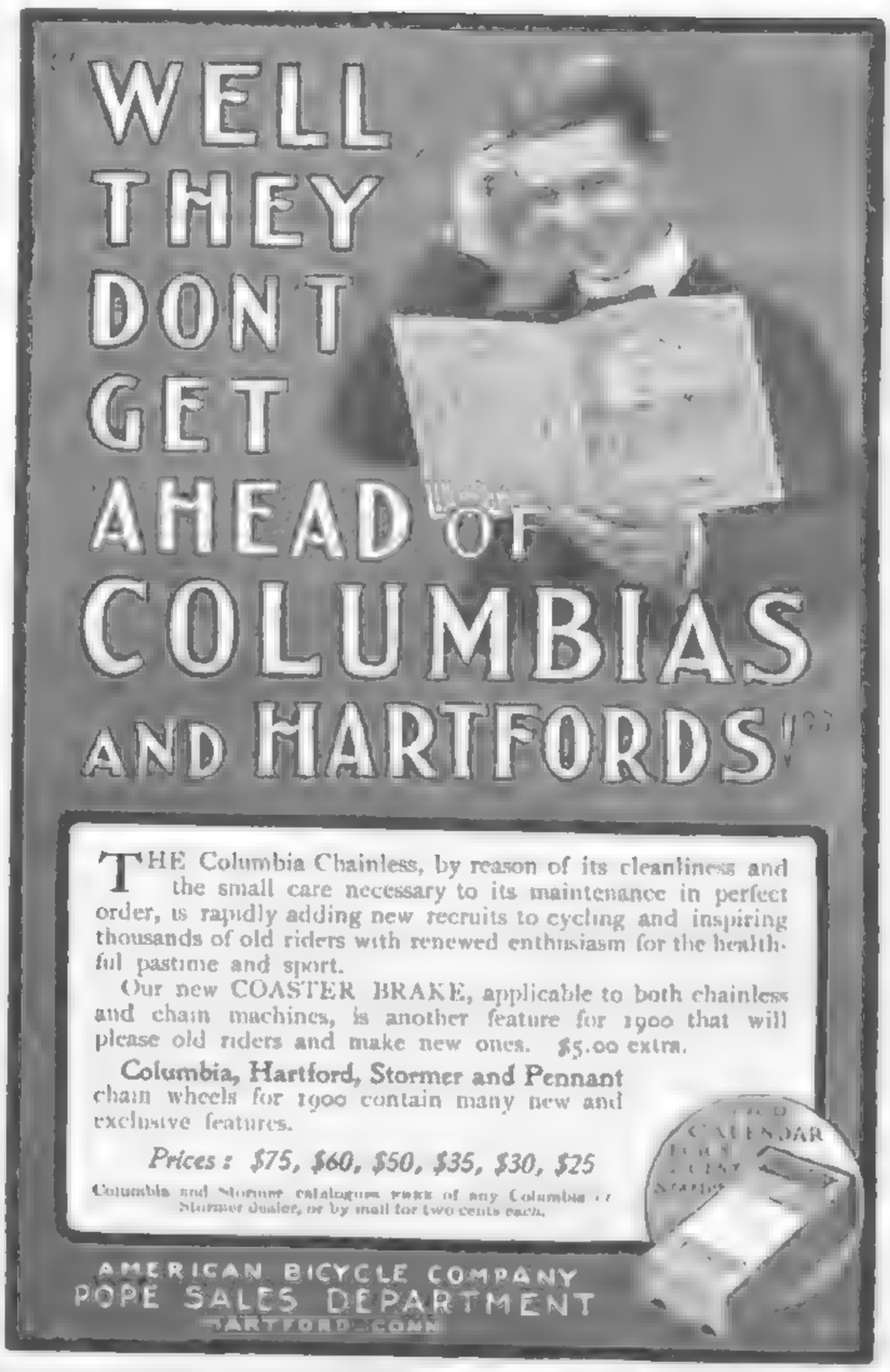
"Adam," said Bell, three days after, when all was over, "what a blessing it was not your aunt I had to deal with in the inn parlor at Cairn Edward. In that case you would have been hanged instead of wed!"

[THE END]

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

By Madeline S. Bridges

The Doctor's Wife (*opening her eyes*):
What! Going out
again? It must
Be after one o'clock.
The Doctor (*struggling into his vest*):
Yes, just
The Doctor's Wife
How dreadful! Wear your heavy coat
And, dear, please, will you mail my note
There, on the mantel?
The Doctor: Yes; all right
The Doctor's Wife
And hurry, hurry back, for, oh,
When you're away, like this, at night,
I *never* sleep!
The Doctor: You don't?
The Doctor's Wife: Why, no!
What wife *could* calmly rest?
The Doctor: Ah, true!
The Doctor's Wife
So come straight home.
The Doctor: That's what I'll do;
I won't stay out to view the sky.
But try to doze, dear, meanwhile.
The Doctor's Wife (*reproachfully*): *If*
(*Opening her eyes, after a silence*)
Do hurry and get off, for then
You'll be the sooner back again.
It is *so* lonely watching here!
The Doctor (*taking off his necktie*):
I've just been gone three hours,
my dear!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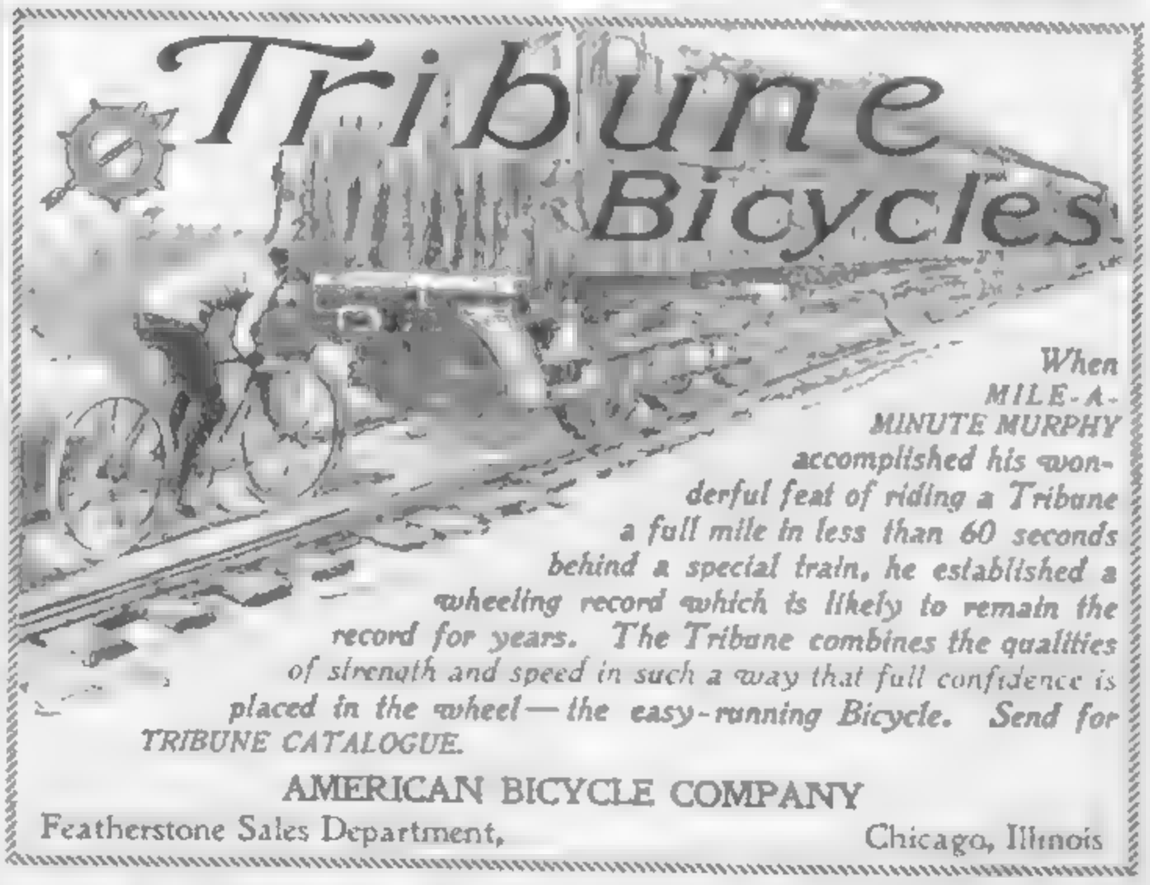
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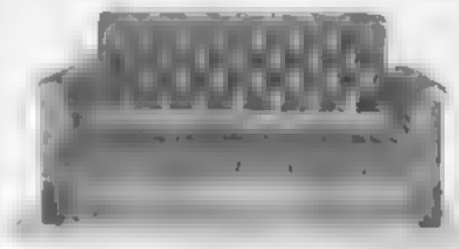

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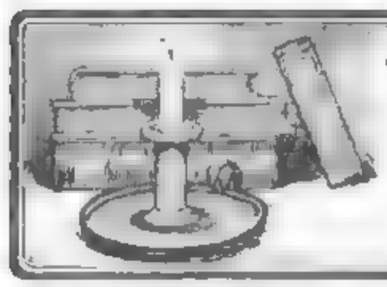

WHAT to READ

Sienkiewicz's Half-Told Story *

IT SEEMS hardly worth while for the publishers of The Knights of the Cross to assure us in a line on the fly-leaf that Mr Curtin's translation is "unabridged." A book of four hundred and twelve closely printed pages which leaves us just in the middle of the story does not suggest abridgment. We in this hurried New World which seldom has time for anything, envy more than we would like to admit these deliberate Poles and Russians who write as Richardson wrote two hundred years ago, and who never doubt a corresponding degree of leisure on their readers' part

The novel has all the striking characteristics with which Sienkiewicz has made us so familiar in his earlier books. There is the same wonderful and almost painful accuracy of detail, an accuracy which—where details are so superabundant—must be the result of splendid and indefatigable labor. There is also but little attempt to construct a story out of this mass of material, the author contenting himself, as in Quo Vadis, by presenting scene after scene of exceptional power and beauty; while the men and women who play their parts in this magnificent setting are drawn on broad and simple lines, without touch of subtle characterization. Their emotions are as primitive as their drugs. A wounded man drinks a dozen pots of melted bear's fat to facilitate the removal of an arrow head from his flesh. "When everything is oiled properly," he observes, "that log mother of an arrow point may slip out of me somewhere." A man in love reveals his passion with robust directness, and a man with an enemy sets himself at once the congenial task of hewing off that enemy's head

All this is as it should be in a Mediæval romance. We cannot pierce the impenetrable veil which hangs between the twelfth century and the twentieth. We know nothing of Polish nobles or German soldiers in those dim old days, save that they were proud and brave, fierce, amorous and devout A freedom from complex mental equipment, a corresponding vigor in action—these things made the history of the Middle Ages, and these things Henryk Sienkiewicz understands and delineates. Perhaps, as a Pole, he is systematically unjust to the Germans Perhaps the exigencies of his tale compel him to be still more unjust to one of the great military and religious orders, whose misdeeds may have been many, but whose records gleam with superb heroism and devotion. Be this as it may, the interest of the story is so well sustained that when the reader wades through a sea of blood to the last chapter, and finds that—like a penny dreadful—it breaks off just as an appalling climax has been reached his heart is sore and angry at the prospect of waiting he knows not how long for the conclusion. To leave poor little Danusia—that blue-eyed, bright haired child—languishing in captivity; to leave her mighty father, Yurand, mutilated, perhaps dying, in a dungeon; to leave young Zbyshko eating out his heart for battle; and to remain in ignorance as to the ultimate triumph of innocence or guilt—this is, for the right minded, a fiery trial. The interruption which might be borne so patiently, and even thankfully, when we are perusing a masterpiece of realism, is beyond human endurance when we are rushing through the pages of romance

A Test of Mental Agility †

IT WOULD be a very great comfort to ordinary readers if novelists would consent to begin at the beginning of their stories, and work on steadily and methodically to the end. Jumping from London to Bombay and from Bombay to San Francisco after the characters of fiction is fatigue enough for most of us; but to skip backward and forward over intervening years involves a degree of mental activity which should be exacted of no one in moments of so-called relaxation

A veteran story-writer, like Mr. Egerton Castle, knows the rules of his craft; and in The Light of Scarthey he starts pleasantly enough with a middle-aged recluse, Sir Adrian Landale, living in a partly ruined castle on the Lancaster coast. Yet by the time we have accustomed ourselves to this gentleman's gray hairs and forty years, we take a sudden plunge into the past, pick him up in his fiery youth, carry him through some stirring scenes in the French Revolution, and drown him—past consciousness at least—in one of the terrible *noyades* devised by the ingenuity of Carrier. This done, we return to the Isle of Scarthey, and enjoy a chapter or two of the middle-aged period, only to bound back when we least expect it, and see the unfortunate hero—again in youth—captured by a press gang, and carried off for five long years of naval service. By the time we have finished with this episode, and settle down into the story proper, we are nearly as spiritless as poor Sir Adrian himself, who appears to have had all vivacity knocked out of him by the adventures of his early life.

What he lacks in this respect, however, is amply atoned for by the turbulence of his young wife, who at seventeen bedevils him into marrying her, and at eighteen discovers she doesn't love him any longer. Molly Scarthey is perhaps more interesting as a heroine than satisfactory as a yokemate, and between her wild vagaries and the plotting of his malicious and hypocritical younger brother, Sir Adrian has as comfortless a time at forty as at twenty four. He bears his trials so beautifully the wonder is he ever escapes from them; but Rupert the Bad is happily murdered by an enterprising young smuggler, who gets hanged for his pains—more's the pity—though it requires a good deal of resolution on a novelist's part to hang an honest smuggler for making away with a villain

After this, we are given to understand that the long-suffering Baronet wins back his wife's fluctuating affections, and starts in for a serene old age, but, from what we have seen of Molly, we *cannot* help cherishing doubts. There were probably times when Sir Adrian sighed for his hermitage at Scarthey, his faithful servants, his beloved books. By the way, can it be possible that any one—even a friend of his youth—ever called Wordsworth "dear Willie Wordsworth"? It has a most presumptuous sound.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

The Shirt-Waist in Fiction *

IF I CATCH Barbara Yechton's point of view, the shirt-waist, that triumphant emancipator of a sex, marks the division between riches and poverty, the happy and the miserable, and one may almost suppose, between virtue and vice. Most of the characters in A Young Savage are poor—proudly and defiantly so; but they are safely across that terrible dead line on the wrong side of which is a slight, pale girl "in a shabby skirt and shirt-waist" and with a shy and embarrassed manner, whom it is proper to aid in a manner sure to be offensive to persons with conventional dresses. The sudden swooping down from the rampant West of an unsophisticated, loyal hearted girl into the lap of an entirely correct but impoverished family in New York brings about a series of events not difficult to predict. It takes a great deal of exemplification, however, to show how distressing a thing is vulgarity; but priggishness and demonstrative invalidism are faults which might also have been dwelt upon with a reasonable insistence. The offset to the daring essays of this *belle sauvage* is another girl who rules a household with the combined severity of Justinian and Portia. The daughter in turn is reduced to a lowly mind at the bedside of the little mother, a sufferer from "heart trouble" unsuspected both by

* The Knights of the Cross. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. *Little, Brown & Co.*

† The Light of Scarthey. By Egerton Castle. *Frederick A. Stokes Company*

* A Young Savage. By Barbara Yechton. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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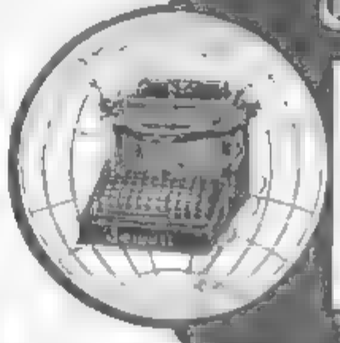

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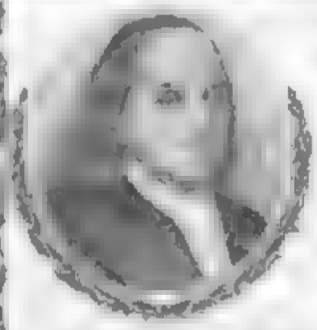

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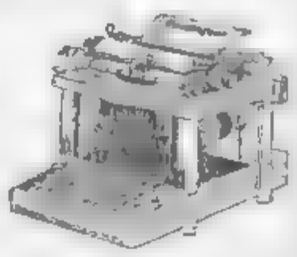

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herself and by the *rest* of her children. To keep the knowledge of this shadow from her mother and her brothers and sisters is the central purpose of the elder sister's life. A wise or even pagan contempt of death and a serenity to meet it whenever it might come would have delicately rebuked this undiscriminating sacrifice not only of self but of everybody else. I dislike to use the words "morbid" and "sentimental," they are so often unjustly applied, but if books were to be graded like groceries A Young Savage might fairly pass among "seconds!"

In a Moral Yellowstone Park*

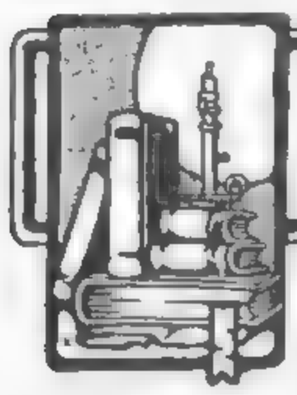
THE exhaustless theme of self sacrifice to the point of self obliteration is again met in Sarah Orne Jewett's The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories, but how differently treated! The great renunciation is never enjoined, but simply accepted as a discipline native to the rocky pastures, the barren shores, the contracted centres of life over which Miss Jewett has long brooded lovingly and faithfully. New England renders up still choice essences of character to those who distil its subtle romance Hardly of American flesh and blood seem the two lovers in A Dunnet Shepherdess, who quietly and unconsciously keep apart for reasons sufficient to themselves, but are sustained none the less in solitude by a love beyond words

It is perhaps well for this land of the hustler that there should be one fenced off retreat wherein idealism and conscience may live unharassed by the perturbations of comfort and prosperity. A sort of moral Yellowstone Park is this New England, over which a few discriminating minds like Miss Jewett are trusty guides.

Thin is the blood and unsubstantial are the personalities of those who haunt these upland pastures of our national heritage but they are worthy of our closest knowledge Miss Jewett has in this volume tried her hand at another difficult task—the transplanted Irish character—and in one story, Where's Nora? has wrought successfully, but perhaps too enthusiastically

—*Lindsay Swift.*

*The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*



NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

Mr. Burgin's Composite Model.—One of the characters in George B. Burgin's new book is a dissipated tom-cat. That it is well drawn is little wonder, because the author has a warm liking for the feline race, and is the proud possessor of what his friends call a "cattery," or "catterwaulery" The creation is not a portrait, but a composite of several Toms and Tabbies who started life well, but departed from grace

Miss Reed's Early Beginning.—Miss Myrtle Reed, author of Love Letters of a Musician, wrote the book in six days on a typewriter, this is tolerably quick work even for an energetic young woman of twenty-three. In writing of her book, Miss Reed says that while it was written in six days, it is the result of more than twenty years of preparation. The basis for this claim probably rests in part upon the foresight of her father, who was a journalist Mr. Reed destined his daughter for literature when she was in her cradle, and to smooth the way for her so far as lay in his power he gave her the name of Myrtle as an appropriate pen name. Miss Reed dates her preparation, therefore, from her christening. One of the singular results of her literary success is shown in her correspondence. She has received several offers to collaborate with lesser-known authors, and one enthusiastic admirer has begged her to write her own letters, which he is sure would be far more entertaining than those her book contains, however clever they may be

Duse's Favorite Tragedy.—Eleonora Duse, the famous Italian tragedienne, enjoys considerable celebrity in her own country as a talented if not brilliant writer

One of her works is a novel whose plot hinges on the stage. It was submitted to some friends, who read it eagerly, expecting to find a melodramatic or tragic tale. They complained to the author that they had been disappointed in this respect. She laughed and answered, "That's the comedy I like to play but dare not. All my available tragedy is used up on the boards."

When Mr. Robertson Was Put Out.—Last fall a New York literary periodical printed a sketch of Morgan Robertson's life with his likeness. A few days after it had appeared Mr. Robertson walked into the bookshop of the firm and carelessly looked over a table, partly in search of a book that he wanted, and partly to see how his own work fared. Now Mr. Robertson is broad, and tall, too, but so much broader than most men that he looks almost short, and the roll of the sea is still in his gait. His hands are brown and his face has a color that land winds never give. Mr. Robertson was smoking and searching, when down the aisle came one of the members of the firm whom he had met months before. He did not come straight toward him, but he made a circle around him, and the story-writer watched him out of the tail of his eye, thinking to himself thus pleasantly: "I know what he is going to do. He's going to say, 'Ah! Mr. Robertson, I'm glad to see you again. Glad to tell you that your book is selling well. I presume you have read the article about yourself that we printed

That is what Mr. Robertson thought

This is what the member of the firm said:

"Will you kindly not smoke in this store?"

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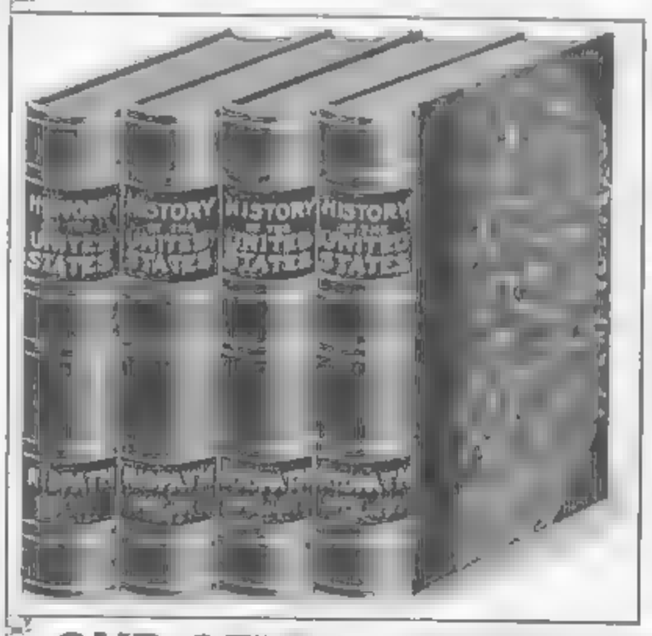

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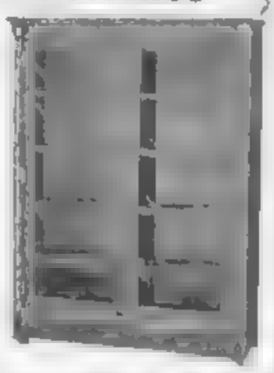

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Feathered Stars & Amateur Fanciers

By H. L. Fitz Patrick

A WANDERING WINNER—A LIGHT BRAHMA HEN

TO THE greater number of the exhibitors the poultry shows are merely a detail of their trade, and the cash value of a prize is of more consequence than its sentimental worth, the only subordinate consideration being that to win enhances the market price of a bird or strain. A more interesting point of view is that of the amateur fancier, who takes the keenest interest in the competitions as such who values the blue ribbon more than the cash that comes with it, and who, aside from the pleasure of possession, is proud to devote his time and money to improvement of the poultry breeds for the benefit that will ensue. "*Pro bono publico*" is the motto of one millionaire who is spending thousands each year on his poultry yards, and who, though he has always a breeding pair or a setting to give away, never sells a bird nor an egg.

There are so many poultry and pigeon shows that a man, according to one in the "fancy," if he set his mind to it, could take in two a week all the year round. This does not include the poultry exhibits at the country fairs, which do not count as the real thing with the experts, but only those conducted in cities, towns and villages by regularly organized local associations. Through their State boards these associations are in affiliation with the national organization, the American Poultry Association, which regulates the poultry business in every part of the country and fixes the "Standard of Perfection." This is a book containing the description in brief of the recognized breeds and the scale of points under which they are judged. The judges do not fill out a card showing the way they size up a bird, but each does his best to be in accord with the ideal of the standard. The sectional parts, plumage and carriage of each fowl are considered.

NO MORE USE FOR THE CHINA EGG

The amateur fanciers, like the men in poultry breeding as a business, mainly rely on incubators and brooders to keep up their stock. The thoroughbred hen has practically been forced out of the hatching business. The time taken up in setting is a sheer waste according to the modern poultrymen, who regard the two-hundred-egg-a-year hen as the only perfect bird. The new order of things is vastly satisfactory to the non-setting breeds, like the Leghorns, but all have to make way for the incubator, even the Cochin Chinas, which, when they have the fever, would try to hatch out a doorknob. The brooders and incubators take up considerable space at every show. It is a curious sight to watch the tiny chicks pecking their way out of the shells and floundering about in the incubators until the time comes to change them to the brooders. It was the sight of an incubator in full blast at a recent show that moved a six-year-old child to say: "Look, mamma, the eggs in this little closet are blossoming into birdies!"

FIRST PRIZE OLD DUCK, NEW YORK, 1899

Amateur fanciers differ widely in the choice of poultry breeds and in their methods, for some keep but one sort at a time, while others keep a variety. Each of New York's millionaires, of the thirty who form the Farmers' Club, cultivates fine poultry at his model farm, while those who have large estates keep pheasants as well, the golden breeds to adorn their lawns, with the peacock and the English pheasants to stock the game preserves. To supplement the work of the amateurs in the latter field, the New York State laws make it illegal to shoot or snare a pheasant until 1901.

All breeds are hard to keep up to the standard of show winners, but at the Metropolitan show the amateur fanciers win as many prizes, in the proportion of exhibits, as the men in the trade. To the gentleman fancier who is seeking an opening in the realm of feathered stars the exhibition Games might be commended in any of the varieties. They are not a farmyard breed, but are excellent layers, the perfection of table fowl, splendid sitters and mothers, and so uniform in breeding that it is comparatively easy to attain and retain winning form. They need runs in green fields, and, like the pheasant, are a rich man's breed. Their tall, commanding figures and gorgeous beauty of feather compel the admiration of all. It is the most costly breed; a cockerel, called a "stag," will bring $125 or $150.

A COSMOPOLITAN ASSEMBLAGE

Where the penned fowls quack or hiss is far from the least interesting spot at the shows. Although this is the greatest country on earth for wild ducks and geese, the show strains in these fowls are mostly of foreign origin. In what is believed to be the first of our chicken books, the American Poultry Book, by Micajah R. Cocks, published at New York in 1840, the only domesticated ducks mentioned are the common duck and the Muscovy, but the geese and kindred species mentioned include the "Gray Lag, or common goose, the wild goose, the China goose, the brant and the swan." Mention is also made of a new breed of geese "introduced into the United States from Bremen by Mr. James Sisson, of Rhode Island." They are described as being pure white, growing to a large size, and attaining the weight of eighteen or twenty pounds, the common gray goose averaging from eight to ten pounds. The Muscovy is still a favorite duck, and, with the Rouen, Cayuga, Aylesbury, Indian Runner and Pekin has its classes at our shows. The Pekin is nearly as heavy as the common geese were in 1840. It is nearly pure white, easy to raise, and finely flavored, the breed having improved since first brought from China twenty years ago. The Gray Toulouse, White Emden and Chinese geese are the only sorts penned which are extensively bred by dealers and amateurs.

The Indian Runner duck is the latest to be brought out in this country, the first seen in New York having been shown by A. J. Hallock, of Speonk, Long Island, in 1898, but the breed has been known for fifty years in Cumberland County, England. A drake and three ducks were originally brought from India by a sea captain and presented to friends who were farmers in West Cumberland. They have a peculiar carriage, much like the penguin, and, although lighter in weight than other domestic ducks, they are wonderful layers, the record claimed for the breed being from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and eighty eggs a year. They have been known to begin to lay at seventeen weeks old and they thrive as well when without water to swim in as if near a stream or pond.

JUDGMENT ON THE WEIGHT OF A FEATHER

It is even harder to keep pigeons up to the standard than poultry, for in many breeds the placing is determined by a single feather. Although the amateur procures the best stock to begin with, he will meet with many heart burning disappointments before the inner mysteries of breeding true to type are as an open book. In the moment of defeat the novice will be apt to say with Rob the Grinder, of Dombey & Son, that he thinks "a cove had better to do with lions than them little creeturs, for they're always flying back in your face when you least expect it."

The very difficulty of mastering the science of pigeon culture makes it so fascinating. Perhaps the most successful prize-winners, aside from the men who make pigeon raising a business, are men who have other occupations and who devote their leisure to the care of their birds—one of the most successful is a paper hanger in Washington—but there are many amateurs of wealth who win a fair share of honors at the shows. The rich fanciers have an expert to manage their pigeon lofts, and they are usually in poultry as well; but what the "working" amateur lacks in traditional lore he often makes up in enthusiasm. After all, experience must be bought in one form or another. The rich are liberal buyers of breeding stock and of prize birds, but not more so than the "working" amateurs, any of whom will give from $50 to $100 for the bird they want.

FANTAILS, SWALLOWTAILS AND FRILLS

At the New York show there are about three hundred and twenty-five classes for pigeons, with some two thousand birds in competition. The breeds provided for are pouters, carriers, barbs, tumblers, Jacobins, magpies, owls, fantails, Oriental frills, turbits, dragoons, swallows, trumpeters, nuns, archangels, runts (an especially heavy breed) and homers, the latter having prizes for record flying birds. The specialty clubs also offer a long list of cups, medals and money prizes. The regular prizes aggregate $[illegible].

Except in the exhibition pens, in which flocks of the different breeds make pretty pictures, the pigeons are caged in solitary state. The judges, each of whom makes a specialty of one or two breeds, wear long linen dust coats, the "duster" of the commercial traveler and the trotting-horse driver, and they gently prod the birds with canes to make them show off as they stand in front of the cage. The birds have been drilled at home to expect this treatment, and they put on all the airs imaginable. When the race is very close between two birds the judge handles them for a more minute inspection, but this is seldom done except to note the feathering when coloring counts more than everything else. The pouters, fantails and Jacobins, who must show a style, are judged in a walking pen in which they have a chance to strut around. The pouters are said to be the highest priced pigeons caged. The prize-winning birds are worth from $25 to $100 each.

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displaying a kittenish eagerness to be spoken to and petted. When in the walking pen, to make a pouter show to the best advantage one has but to chuck it under the beak a few times in a jovial way, when the bird will flutter along in such great pride that it swells up like a balloon and the judge may readily note its markings and worth. The fantail also throws out the chest in showing off, but its breast is solid flesh, like an Indian game cock. With its unruffled fan uplifted like a peacock's spread, a fine bird will bend back until its head rests on the cushion at the base of the fan, yet as the fly feathers of the wing are kept under the tail this pigeon will strut around bravely in this seemingly impossible position. It is against a bird if he puts his head into the fan and disarranges it, and, too, if a bird has such short fly feathers that the wing will not hold under the tail as he bends backward, he cannot stand on an even keel, and a capsize results, which puts the bird out of the prizes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. HALLOCK, SPROUL, L. I.

FIRST PRIZE YOUNG DUCK, N. Y., 1899

Pigeon culture and poultry breeding for show would seem to be an exceptionally congenial occupation for women, yet comparatively few are on the list of exhibitors. There are more in poultry than in pigeons, although the last would seem to offer an attractive field for the fair sex, particularly to those who would like to take up a recreation that would bring in some extra money. The beginner will learn by daily contact with the birds to know what they like and dislike, and the practical work, with observation at shows and the study of the many excellent works on the subjects, will soon blaze the road to success.

SOME SOCIETY WOMEN WHO ARE EXHIBITORS

A woman who is in the "fancy" for pleasure and who has been very successful is Miss Selma Wieners, of College Point, Long Island, who has made nearly a clean sweep of the blue ribbons at the last two or three New York shows in rose-combed black bantams. Now she finds that there is money in her poultry yard should she care to sell. Among the stockholders in the New York Poultry and Pigeon Association are a number of women prominent in metropolitan society: Mrs. Robert Colgate, Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg, Mrs. Samuel T. Peters, Mrs. Sidney Dillon Ripley, Mrs. G. P. Reynaud, Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherford, Mrs. Thomas H. Terry and Mrs. Francis T. Underhill. Though now only occasional exhibitors, nearly all retain their old interest, and have pheasants, poultry and pigeons at their country houses, and it is their appreciation of the thoroughbred in featherdom which impels them to keep in touch with the annual show.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE COLUMBIAN PHOTO CO., N. Y.

PRIZE WHITE PLYMOUTH COCK

A FANCY OF ONE FARMER'S WIFE

It would be as idle to attempt to teach a grandmother to suck eggs, to use a bucolic adage, as to tell the farmer's wife that there is pin-money in a well-stocked poultry yard; but it may be suggested that there is more money in the thoroughbred, egg-producing breeds than in the usual motley barnyard crew. A view in harmony with this idea was expressed by Mrs. J. G. Osborn, who was at the New York show of 1898 with some choice White Minorcas.

"We are farming people up in this State," said Mrs. Osborn, "but while my husband and the men look after the stock and the farm, I devote my spare time to the poultry. I find both enjoyment and profit in keeping only birds up to show form. It has always been my luck to win at the State fairs near my home, and now I am flying at higher game here in the city. To my mind the country-woman who bothers with coarse-bred fowl is simply wasting her time and losing lots of instructive entertainment. The poultry yard is a book that is never dull."

Let it be recorded to her pluck that Mrs. Osborn won a fair share of prizes at the big show. The Jersey Blues, a breed that traces back to Colonial days, is represented at New York yearly by a few specimens. But for the zeal of a young woman on Long Island, who makes the breed a specialty, it would probably have been lost sight of long ago.

Ignoring epicurean delights, the pigeon of true utility is the homer. There are classes both for breeding and record homers at the shows. In its strong, long, racy body and alert movements the homer looks the thoroughbred more than any other pigeon.

The Philadelphia show was unusually strong in the exhibits of birds with short and long distance records, for the lofts near by have long been leaders in pigeon flying, yet a fair number of record birds are seen at the other important shows. Homers with Federation records from one hundred to six hundred miles are often on view at the New York show. In 1898 for the first time, and again last year, there were exhibits of birds, mostly of Belgian stock, from the United States Navy Homer Service. Over the pens were placards, and often copies of the messages, showing the work the birds had done in conveying messages from the battleships to their home lofts.

Some of the metropolitan newspapers use the birds to carry messages from the yacht races. Liberated twenty or thirty miles out at sea, the birds make a bee line to their home lofts, and the messages they bring are then telephoned to the newspaper offices.

THE HOMER'S TRADE BY LAND AND SEA

To be available for use at sea the homers have to learn their business by careful training on land. The homing fanciers in the Federation clubs are mostly "working" amateurs. Our country gentlemen and other fanciers of wealth and leisure do not do much to aid in the development of the homing pigeon.

A contrast to their inaction is the example of the Prince of Wales and his son, the Duke of York, who both have lofts of homing birds at Sandringham. Their aim is to breed racers capable of flights at the medium distances under the sternest weather conditions. Yet the Royal lofts are represented in all the races.

"Quilling" is resorted to, that the birds may not fly away to their old homes. This means to strip the feather parts from the quills of the wing. Until the wings grow the birds are permitted to walk about the lawns at Sandringham, and by the time they are able to fly they are too well pleased with the beautiful grounds to leave them. Homers are now in use in the Transvaal.

There is a rare beauty in the fluffiness of hackles, the curve of sickle plumes, the sweep of half-poised wings, and a riot of colors in the velvety blues, violets and greens of the waterfowl, the scarlet and gold of pheasants and the metallic sheen of the bronze turkeys; if this wealth of feathers were more in fashion with the ladies there would be no call for laws against the slaughter of song-birds and the tern gull.

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FARR & COMPANY, 145 La Salle St., CHICAGO

HOW WE MAKE PRESIDENTS

(Continued from Page 775)

Hayes manfully sustained, was fully performed, and the property people of the South were given their right to govern their own States as the price of assenting to Hayes as President.

Faith was kept with the Louisiana Lottery Company, and the people of Louisiana have ever since been unjustly criticised as the only State in the Union that gave the highest possible charter to a lottery company, as they could not explain the inexorable conditions which compelled them to do it. This was the last act of the great political drama of 1876–7 that made Rutherford B. Hayes President.

GRANT'S CONTEST FOR A THIRD TERM

The greatest battle ever fought in a national convention was witnessed at Chicago where the Republican National Convention met on June 5, 1880. Grant had made his journey around the world, received the homage of the highest and lowest rulers of every clime, and returned to be greeted with a degree of popular enthusiasm that had never before been given to any citizen of the Republic. During Grant's absence his friends had made tireless efforts to organize his forces in all the States, and the friends of Blaine, who fought this battle royal with the friends of Grant, had been equally earnest and ceaseless to give Blaine the victory. It was indeed a battle of giants, and the auditorium in which the convention was held was the most impressive picture I have ever witnessed. There were not less than 10,000 spectators in addition to the full delegations and alternates from the States. Neither of the opposing chieftains ever had a majority in the body, but for a week they stood up face to face with unbroken lines and belligerent leaders in hand-to-hand conflict.

Among the delegates were Conkling, Garfield, Harrison, Logan, and many other conspicuous and able leaders of the opposing factions. Blaine's people, with the aid of the field, weakened Grant's lines by preventing the unit rule in any delegation, whereby Grant lost a considerable number of votes in New York, Pennsylvania and other States. That was a test of the distinctive Grant strength in the body. Conkling opened the nominations by presenting the name of Grant, and he did so in imperial grandeur and with a degree of eloquence that was most impressive. Next to the speech of Ingersoll, who nominated Blaine in 1876, Conkling's appeal for the nomination of Grant will stand as the ablest of all the many able deliverances in the history of American politics. I sat quite close to him on the platform when he delivered it, and he was a most interesting study. Had he been as discreet as he was eloquent it would have been a perfect exhibition of impressive oratory, but Conkling was inspired not only by his love of Grant, but more influenced than he confessed to himself by an intense hatred of Blaine that he cherished until his death

He mortally offended every friend of Blaine, and thereby made it impossible even to win the hesitating men in the Blaine ranks, by his keen and pungent fling at the delegates who disregarded their instructions to vote as a unit for Grant, and by his aggressive assault upon Blaine when he referred to Grant as a candidate "without patronage, without emissaries, without committees, without bureaus, without telegraph wires running from his house to this convention or running from his house anywhere." Unlike the Ingersoll speech nominating Blaine in 1876, the speech of Conkling, able, eloquent and grand as it was, left Grant weaker instead of stronger.

GARFIELD'S NOMINATION OF SHERMAN

Very general interest centred in General Garfield, who was at the head of the Ohio delegation that was instructed for Senator Sherman for President. Garfield knew the situation; he knew that a third candidate must eventually be accepted, and he illy concealed his efforts to advance himself while ostensibly struggling for Sherman. His speech nominating Sherman was a plea for peace rather than an aggressive presentation of Sherman's claims, and it was well understood that his plea for peace was in fact a plea for himself. At various stages of the balloting tidal waves of enthusiasm would start for Garfield, and he narrowly escaped a spontaneous nomination. He was personally very popular, of imposing presence, a most accomplished speaker, and he was finally accepted by the friends of Blaine because he was not the partisan of either Blaine or Grant, and also because they could certainly win with him and thus defeat Grant.

GENERAL GARFIELD AS A DARK HORSE

The convention was finally weary of what was evidently an equal contest between the Grant and Blaine forces, and all who were not intensely enlisted in the factional fight were glad to end the bitter struggle by accepting Garfield. Grant's memorable 306 stood by him and never lowered their flag until they were defeated, and fell with their faces to the foe. Chester A. Arthur was a member of the convention, and was nominated for Vice-President to appease the disappointment of the friends of Grant.

General Grant had become intensely interested in the contest for a third term, and he had every reason to believe that it would be accorded to him. Foreign travel and intelligent observation had greatly enlarged his narrow political ideas and tempered his political asperities, and he would undoubtedly have made a much better President than ever he did before. But the unwritten law of the nation confronted him, declaring that no man could fill the Presidential chair for a longer period than did George Washington. It was that sentiment that decided the contest against him.

He was at his home in Galena, not far from Chicago, during the sessions of the convention, but though he was advised of every happening from day to day he gave no directions. He had the ablest galaxy of leaders that ever appeared in a national convention in support of any one candidate, and he trusted them implicitly. On the morning after the convention adjourned he came to Chicago, and I met him at the Palmer House, where he had come to confer with his discomfited friends. His face gave no sign of the disappointment he had suffered. He met his friends in even a more genial way than was his custom. He expressed himself as entirely content with the decision of the convention and greatly appreciated the support that had been given him. He never looked better in his life, and though I could not congratulate him, I could truthfully express my gratification at seeing him the picture of health and comfort.

He was then in entire accord with his leading friends in their purpose to prevent the election of Garfield, but after Conkling's conference with Garfield in Ohio Grant's friends gave a most zealous support to Garfield's election, and barely saved him by the aid of Tammany's betrayal of Hancock.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY'S MOST FAMOUS SPEECH

The Democratic National Convention met in Cincinnati on June 23. The leading names discussed for the Presidency were those of Samuel J. Tilden, General Hancock and Congressman Randall. It was on this occasion that the late Daniel Dougherty made the most eloquent speech of his life, presenting the name of Hancock to the convention. He was not a member of the delegation, but was called into it for the purpose on the morning of the day that the nomination was to be made. He hurried around to my room at the St. Nicholas, as he hesitated about accepting the duty assigned him. He always prepared his important speeches and memorized them. I earnestly urged him to go at once to his room and write a short speech and be prepared to deliver it. He finally decided to do so, and in a speech of not over twenty minutes he delivered the greatest oration of his life. Tilden's name was withdrawn before a vote was taken, and General Hancock was nominated on the first ballot. He had not a majority when the ballot closed, but changes were made before the vote was announced to give him the requisite two-thirds vote. With him was nominated William H. English, of Indiana, for Vice-President.

The Presidential contest of 1880 was remarkable for the absence of bitterness or vituperation. Garfield and Hancock were both highly respected, and I cannot recall a struggle for the Presidency that exhibited less of the asperities which are usually displayed in the struggle for the political control of the nation. Hancock was beaten on the popular vote by a majority of but little over 5000, and he lost his election by Tammany failing to give him a cordial support in New York. Garfield received 214 electoral votes, to 155 for Hancock.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

COLORED COVER BY GEORGE GIBBS

Stories

		PAGE
The Grip of Honor *Illustrated by George Gibbs and Will Crawford*	*Cyrus Townsend Brady*	753
The Brunswick Diamond *Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek*	*W. A. Fraser*	759
Three Men on Four Wheels *Illustrated by Harrison Fisher*	*Jerome K. Jerome*	768
An Acadian Coquette *Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy*	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	772
The Fitting of the Peats *Illustrated by Harry C. Edwards*	*S. R. Crockett*	776

General Articles

Queen Anne Cottages (A Comedietta) *Illustrated by Henry Hutt*	*M. E. M. Davis*	756
The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife *Illustrated by Snapshot Photographs*		758
The Making of a Railroad Man *Illustrated by Photograph of the Author*	*William J. McQueen*	764
How the Boy Won: General McArthur's First Victory *Illustrated by Wil Crawford*	*Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.*	770
How We Make Presidents: The Hayes and Garfield Campaigns *Illustrated by Carl Kleinschmidt*	*Colonel A. K. McClure*	774
Feathered Stars and Amateur Fanciers *Illustrated by Photographs*	*H. L. Fitz Patrick*	782

Poems

A Cluster of Chrysanthemums *Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek*	*Richard Henry Stoddard*	757
The Winter Nights at Home *Illustrated by Charlotte Harding*	*Joe Lincoln*	765
A Watch in the Night *Illustrated by F. R. Gruger*	*Madeline S. Bridges*	779

Departments

Editorials		766
Men and Women of the Hour *Illustrated by Photographs*		762
"Publick Occurrences" that are Making History *Illustrated by Photographs*		767
Books		780
Sienkiewicz's Half-Told Story	*Agnes Repplier*	
A Test of Mental Agility	*Agnes Repplier*	
The Shirt-Waist in Fiction	*Lindsay Swift*	
In a Moral Yellowstone Park	*Lindsay Swift*	

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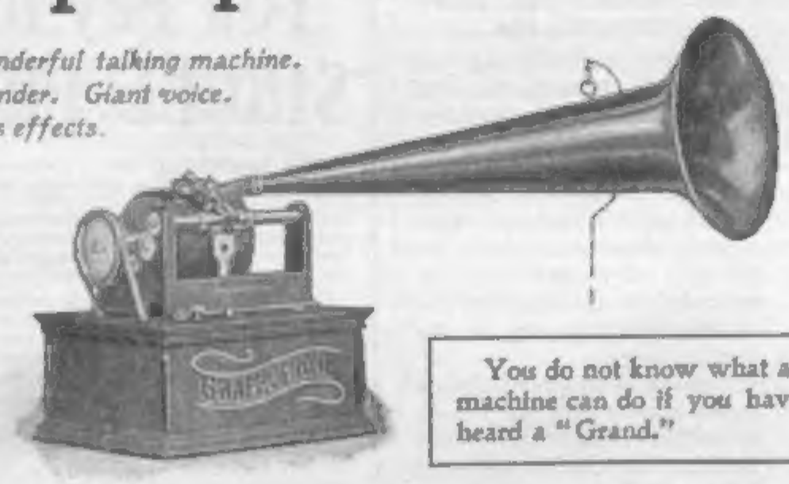

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